

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London  
May 2, 1945



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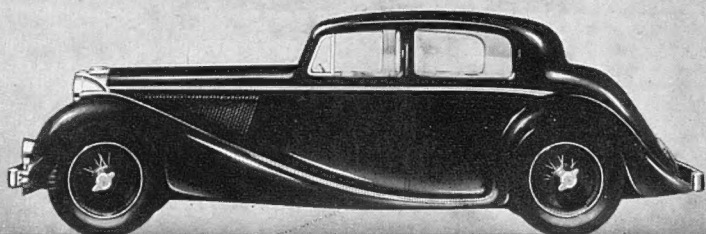


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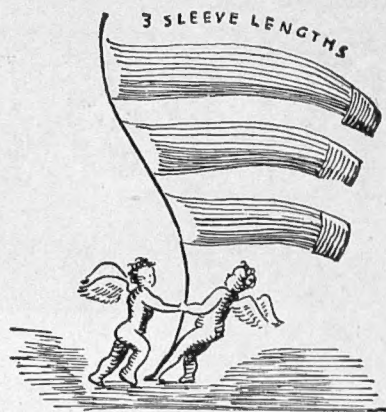
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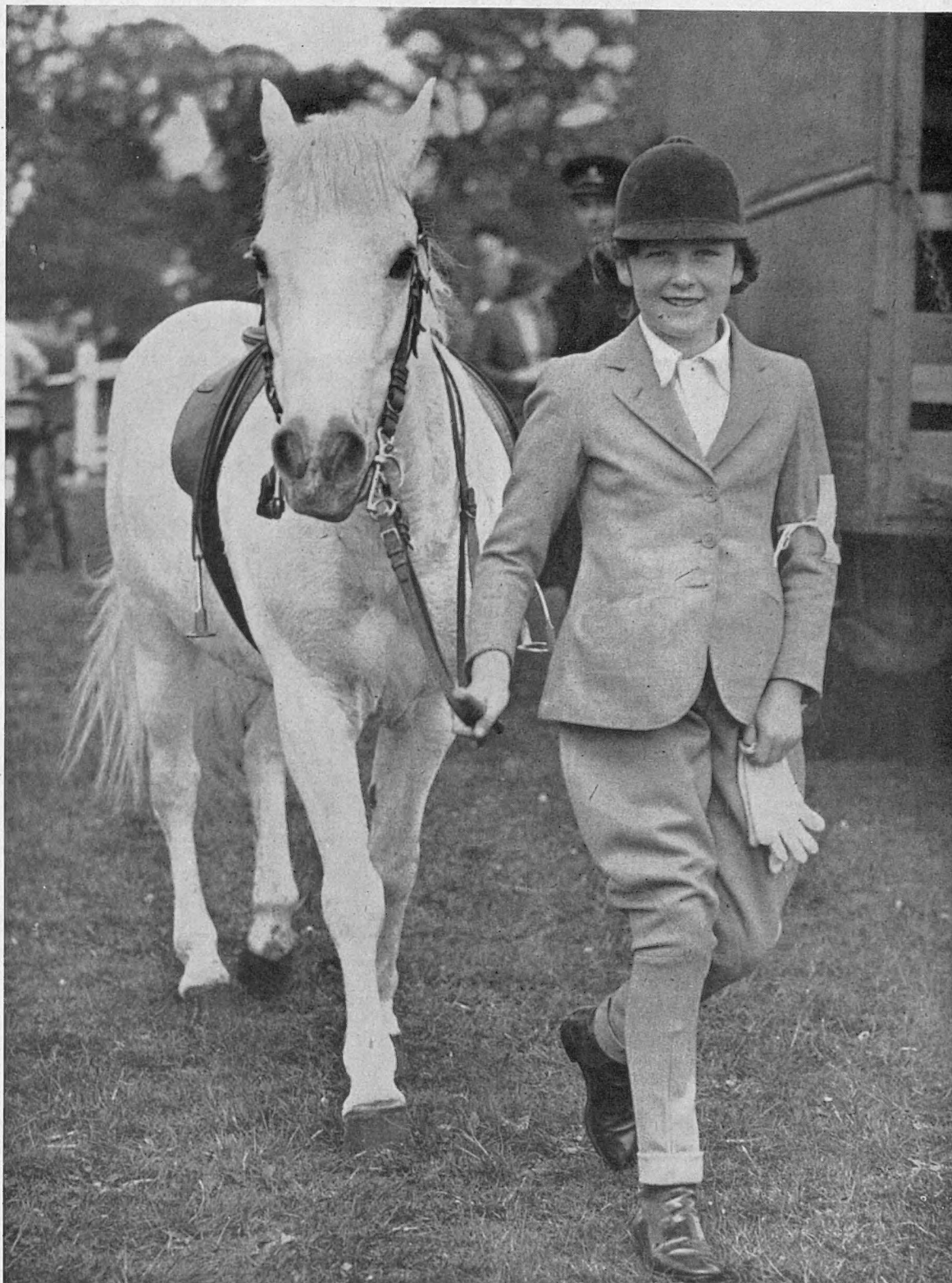
# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

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A Keen Horsewoman:  
Princess Alexandra of Kent

Princess Alexandra of Kent, who was ten last December, has already proved herself both a keen and successful horsewoman. During the last year she has competed in shows at Windsor, and at Badminton, where she won third prize in the pony class for children under twelve. She took another third at the Iver Village Children's Gymkhana, where this photograph was taken. Prizes were presented by her mother, the Duchess of Kent





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Horrors

WE had become accustomed to stories of Nazi atrocities, for they had come to us over a period of many years from many parts of the world. People who had escaped from Germany had given the most lurid accounts to which people listened and then forgot. It was natural therefore that there was a resistance among all people to the first accounts of the most horrible acts of barbarism which have been perpetrated in Germany—the alleged

have held power to escape responsibility. For these sufferings and these deaths are the result of their system, the system which could not face the fierce light of criticism, nor the honest inspection of decent men.

It was a system that depended entirely on the whims of one man and on those who were in the position to flatter him and to gain thereby. In the horrible pictures which have filled the newspapers we have seen the true meaning of Nazism. All the emptiness of Hitler's boasts.

hundred members of the House of Commons quickly volunteered to join the delegation for what Mr. Churchill described as a most unpleasant duty. Mrs. Mavis Tate, the Conservative Member for Frome, was not the only woman to volunteer. It was left to the Speaker to choose eight Members from the various Parties, and he had to work with great impartiality. The results of their inspection of the concentration camps will be the subject of discussion everywhere. The fact that all Parties were represented in the delegation deprives the reports of any colour. While they do not become a State paper, there is no doubt that the mission of these eight Members of the House of Commons, to which two members of the House of Lords were joined, will become of historic importance as the years go by.

## Myth

THERE is no doubt now that the German military machine is broken beyond repair. Nothing Hitler can do, or any of his Generals, will produce efficient and co-ordinated resistance to the Allies. Hitler is said to have admitted as much in secret orders some time ago, and to have urged his soldiers to resort to guerrilla warfare as the Russians did. The



Lady Louis Tastes the Soup in Burma

Lady Louis Mountbatten recently returned from her tour of S.E.A.C. medical establishments as representative of the Red Cross and St. John war organization. She is seen here sampling soup at a casualty clearing station on the Burma front. With her are Major B. L. Hunter and Miss Nancy Lees, her secretary



Montgomery Visits the "Ironsides" Commander

Major-General L. G. Whistler, commander of the British 3rd Infantry Division, is seen with Field-Marshal Montgomery at a brigade H.Q. in Germany. Earlier in the war the Field-Marshal commanded the Division, which was last out of France in 1940 and first to return there in 1944, and nicknamed it "The Ironsides"

home of culture, the land of lovely lakes and forest scenery, of learning and labour—but now we know the truth.

It is that the accounts which have been printed in the newspapers are not in any way exaggerated. They are in most respects an understatement of the actual conditions and the scenes which have been witnessed by the Parliamentary delegation which went to Germany at General Eisenhower's invitation. Now that we know, it will be all the more necessary to get these things into perspective. It is going to be so difficult. Any cruelty strikes the free world, or those countries where freedom once ruled and will rule again, as so unnecessary. But so much cruelty, mass cruelty, is surely without parallel in history. Even if we go back to the very dark ages, it is doubtful if so many people were treated so inhumanely at the behest of one man. It is impossible for Hitler to escape full responsibility for the horrible suffering of the unfortunate people who have been compelled to live and die in these terrible destruction camps. It is impossible for any of the Nazis who at any time

Here was nothing to uplift mankind, nothing to give him freedom. The whole Nazi idea and outlook was the self-aggrandisement of a small clique of adventurers of which Hitler was the head. Nobody can doubt that now. No more evidence is required than that which is to be found in these camps of death. They were humble and learned people who dared to differ from those who propagated the Nazi creed, and their penalty was darkness. Let us not forget that in these camps probably as many Germans died as foreigners. The figures have yet to be computed. But this is what Hitler did to his own people. We know what he started to do in France, in Belgium and Holland. What would he have done to all of Europe had he subjugated Britain? It is against this background that we must try and find the perspective to meet a human situation which faces us in these years when civilization is on trial. There is a lesson to be learned.

## Courageous

IT says much for the strength of Britain's parliamentary institutions that more than a

Germans are not individual fighters like the Russians. They are more likely to give themselves up, if they cannot fight in their disciplined units. At this moment, as we see the once-great Wehrmacht in the twilight of its power, the indefatigable Goebbels is doing his utmost to perpetuate the myth of Hitler the Great. Hitler is first in Berlin, then in Bremen and Hamburg. Hitler is supposed to be everywhere in the last few weeks. But I prefer to believe the story that the farthest he has been from Berchtesgaden is Salzburg, where at the meeting of the Party leaders he had a brainstorm. If the Allies do not kill the myth of Hitler with all the evidence they have, it will be a sorry day for the future of Europe. The evidence from camps such as Belsen give the lie to any ideals which the Nazis may have professed.

## Capture

IT is now Berlin's turn to suffer the fate that Hitler has inflicted on so many European capitals during this war. The world has had to wait five and a half years for this event. Although the fall of Berlin was never regarded

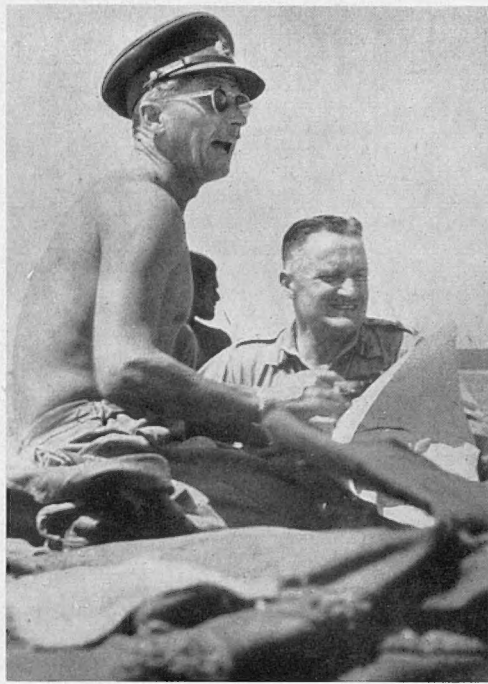


by the Allies as likely to mark the end of the war, the loss of this great ugly German capital must have a tremendous effect on all Germans, and particularly on those fighting in Italy, in the Balkans and in the French Channel ports. Hitler gave the order that Berlin should be defended to the last, and it seems that he will defend Prague, if he can, with the same stubbornness.

Under the weight of Allied pressure it is of course a hopeless task. Now the overwhelming Russian forces are marching into line with the British and Americans, nothing can avert the fate of Germany. Hitler can have no sinister surprise, no new secret weapon, to halt the progress of the Allied armies. At some point it seems to me that the whole German resistance will collapse in all directions. It may be soon after Berlin, or when the Allied armies have penetrated the Bavarian redoubt. But the Germans who are in the Channel Islands and the Atlantic ports and in Italy are soon going to realize that there is no use in fighting on. Incidentally, it is said that only a few days ago a German U-boat crew were captured not far from the British coast, and they did not believe that the Allies were fighting on German soil, not even when they were shown newspapers and photographs.

### Glamour

ALL the glamour that high-pressure American methods can give to the San Francisco Conference were applied from the very start. San Francisco, always a city of cosmopolitans, became an international capital with one idea fixed in the mind of the Mayor: "San Francisco must not fail." According to all the reports the city will not fail in hospitality, in entertainment, in every form of organization for the health and welfare of the hundreds of delegates of the forty-six nations attending the Conference. But in spite of the glamour with which San Francisco opened its deliberations for the purpose of drafting a New World Security Charter, there was a big cloud darkening the prospect. It was the spectre of Poland. After hopes had been revived, Mr. Anthony Eden had waited in Washington to meet M. Molotov, and President Truman had talked twice to the Soviet Commissar, the leading delegates arrived in San Francisco without having reached an agreement. The United States and



### Generals at Tamandu

Lieutenant-General M. B. Burrows (right), G.O.C.-in-C. West Africa, was photographed aboard a patrol boat, with Major-General H. C. Stockwell, G.O.C. the 82nd West African Division, whom he was visiting at his H.Q. at Tamandu

British Governments were insistent that there should be created a broader-based government in Poland, according to the Yalta agreement. It seemed that the Soviet Government were intent on maintaining the present Lublin Government in power, and allowing the Ministers of this Government the right to reject co-operation with any other politicians of any party not acceptable to them. This was the deadlock, and one which might yet have serious consequences if compromise does not take the place of stubbornness on the part of the Russians and the Lublin Ministers.

### Hopeful

SIR JOHN ANDERSON delivered his Budget speech in his usual slow measured tones to

a House of Commons which was not filled to capacity, and did not attentively follow him through his remarkable examination and analysis of Britain's present and future financial and economic position. Thus not a few of them missed the one bright and hopeful spot in the whole of the two hours' performance. Sir John said there could be no major increases of taxation nor any major reductions, but he did promise in quite definite terms that there must be early alleviation of the present oppressive rate of income tax. The House cheered as soon as they realized that this bleakest of all Budgets had suddenly produced a ray of hope. It was a polished performance on the part of Sir John Anderson, who has acquired a Parliamentary style and confidence which is now more fully appreciated. He read most of his speech from manuscript, as was necessary in the circumstances, but this did not deter him from giving the impression of complete mastery of his most intricate problem.

So now we can look forward to another Budget in the autumn, and something off income tax, if the war in Europe is ended by that time.



### A Couple of Brigadiers

Gazing skywards when this picture was taken somewhere in Italy were Brigadier J. O. C. Holbrook and Brigadier C. D. Packard, who is Chief of Staff, 15th Army Group in Italy



### Allied Commanders in Conference

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia, is seen with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek with whom he was conferring. Behind are Capt. Brockman and Lieut.-Gen. Browning, former Deputy Commander of the 1st Airborne Army, who became Chief of Staff to Lord Louis in November



### Spectators at an Investiture in India

Watching a recent investiture in Delhi are General Sir Oliver Leese, G.O.C. India, Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey Scones and Senior Controller Lady Carlisle, Director of the W.A.C. India. Relatives of Indian V.C.s received the posthumous awards from the Viceroy



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Disney Ahoy!

By James Agate

THE imminence—for I suppose it is imminent—of Walt Disney's new film *The Three Caballeros* suggests a few anticipatory reflections. The film, I hear, is a full-length travelogue featuring three guides, Donald Duck, Joe Carioca the parrot, and Panchito the rooster. I look forward to this film realizing that, as far as I am concerned, some of it will be exquisite, some of it common, and in its sum inclined to be boring. Time was when I greatly admired Walt Disney. That was

in the early days, and here perhaps I may be permitted a little story. I remember, many years ago, being in Marseilles and finding a touring operatic company playing *Véronique* in one of the smaller theatres. The big ones were closed. I was, however, instructed by the hotel-keeper that I must on no account miss an English-speaking film at which apparently one could twist oneself with laughter to the derangement of one's inside. I asked him the name of the film; for a moment he could not remember it. I begged him, however, to have the goodness to bethink himself and jog his so-gracious memory. Finally he did bethink himself and said the film was called "Mickey Mouse" (pronounced "Mikky Moose"). When later on, I went out he said, "Surtout, monsieur, n'oubliez pas de vous Mickey-Mouser ce soir!"

JOHN MASON BROWN, the film critic of the "New York Saturday Review of Literature," has an illuminating article from which I cull:

To borrow a phrase from a witch Mr. Disney did not draw, no man or woman born possesses features today more widely familiar than those of Mr. Disney's better-known figures. Although Hitler may have more haters than the Big Bad Wolf, surely Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are as readily identified by their admirers the globe over as are Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt and Uncle Joe. The likenesses of Abraham Lincoln, Shakespeare, and George Washington are not more universally recognized than this rodent and this drake. Were they to appear together in the same command car, no generals—not even Eisenhower, Montgomery and MacArthur—would be more quickly spotted than Dumbo or the Seven Dwarfs. Certainly no stars who live in Hollywood have as many admirers of all ages as have these creatures who have lived only in Mr. Disney's cartoons. The truth is that neither Hecuba, who numbered some illustrious children among her fifty sons and fifty daughters; nor "Madame Mère" who produced a litter of bogus crowned heads; nor Queen Victoria, who supplied "sitters" for a goodly number of European thrones, can claim in their mass production of the prominent to have given birth to progeny more famous as a group than Mr. Disney has done.

And then, as I think, Mr. Disney made the

mistake of forsaking his animals for the world of human beings. A mistake, because this very fine but limited artist knows everything about animals and nothing at all, or only the wrong things, about human beings. The reason generally put forward for this is that Mr. Disney began life as a farm-hand. (If this is not so then all deductions are wrong.) Supposing this to be true, then let us remember that Robert Burns began life as a ploughboy. Now Burns, immortal poet though he was, never took as his subject fine ladies and gentlemen, understanding less about them than, say, Pope understood about carters. Mr. Disney was brought up in the country and knows the qualities of race, breeding and royalty when he meets them in the animal kingdom. Then came the time when he was lionised, and, getting to know what the democratic code permits in the way of ladies and gentlemen, reproduced them in terms of usherette and shop boy. In *Fantasia* nothing could have been lovelier or more gracious than that mare and foal. Looking back upon *Bambi* I remember how *Bambi's* sire was not so much Landseer's Monarch of the Glen as a portrait of the Prince Regent in his early days. "The First Stag in Europe" said somebody. The fact that Mr. Disney knows nothing about breeding in the human animal was obvious as far back as *Snow White*. As Mr. Mason remarks: "'Snow White' ran up the initial warnings. So glorious in its dwarfs and animals, it was disappointing in its Snow White and its Prince Charming. He was a vacuum in costume; she a maiden with a face as empty as a glycerine tear. Both of these 'straight' characters indicated that, though Mr. Disney was a master of the grotesque, he was to have his difficulties with the normal; above all with human beings." It was always said of Dickens that he could not draw a gentleman—whether a gentleman is worth drawing is not the point here. It can be said of Mr. Disney that the only gentleman he can draw is one of Nature's. And one remembers an occasion when somebody remarked to Wilde about a common acquaintance that he was one of nature's gentlemen, and how Wilde retorted: "Yes, I know; the worst kind."

RECENT films have been very much a mixed bag. First of all we had the revival of René Clair's *Le Dernier Milliardaire* at the Academy, about which I am not quite so enthusiastic as I was at its first showing. The notion that a nation can be as well ruled by a government



René Clair's latest satirical fantasy is staged in the Ruritanian Kingdom of Casinario. The Queen (Marthe Mellot) introduces to her impoverished people a multi-millionaire, M. Banco (Max Dearly), who is to save the country's fortunes



Scenes From the New René Clair Satire Now at the Academy Cinema

M. Banco establishes himself as Dictator. This is not popular and in an attempt at assassination Banco is hit on the head and made temporarily insane. Brown, the detective (Marcel Carpentier), is put in charge of the investigations. At Banco's order, he is made Chief of Police

Further complications arise when Princess Isabelle (Renee St. Cyr) who is supposed to marry Banco, confesses that she is already married to the Palace bandmaster (Jose Noguero). On their knees before the Queen the Princess and her husband confess that they already have two children



## Burlesque With a Thrill In It

Fred Allen in a Crazy Chase  
After "The Fifth Chair"



Fred Floogle (Fred Allen), owner of a flea circus, learns that he has inherited 12,000,000 dollars. With him here are his wife, Eve (Binnie Barnes), his daughter, Marianne (Gloria Pope), and his son, Homer (Dickie Tyler)



Fred finds that his whole fortune is contained in one of five chairs which, without his permission, have already been sold by young Homer to an antique dealer. One chair is re-sold by the dealer to a Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) who informs Fred that she has already passed it on to one, Jack Benny



Fred goes to see Jack Benny (played by himself). Jack gets an idea there's something more in the chair chase than meets the eye and refuses to sell, but after much haggling agrees to rent it to the Floogles at ten dollars a day



Homer is told by the antique dealer the names and addresses of other customers. Unfortunately he forgets and Fred and Eve seek the help of a psychiatrist (Jerry Colonna) to delve into the boy's mind



Under fantastic treatment Homer recalls that two chairs were sold to the "Naughty Nineties" nighterie. To recover them Fred gets a job as a singing waiter joining Don Ameche (himself), Rudy Vallee (himself), and Victor Moore (himself)

that is mad as by one that is sane doesn't strike me as particularly odd. I saw the other day an official statement that since the war the price of whiskey has risen from 12s. 6d. a bottle to 25s. 9d. Perhaps some official will tell me where I can buy whiskey at 25s. 9d.? That the Government should not know that whiskey is now selling at £4 a bottle, or, knowing it, takes no steps to stop it, is not a whit less ludicrous than that all men with beards should be compelled to wear running shorts and display bare knees. About *Hortobagy*, the film about Hungarian farm life showing at the same theatre, I confess a blind, or blindish, spot. One, I myself own a Hackney mare, now safely in foal. And I can assure readers that when she produces her progeny I shall, unlike John Gilpin, not be there to see. Two, I am convinced that Magyars are nature's gentlemen.

THERE was a brilliantly unexpected laugh at something called *Alibi* at the Pavilion. A young man suspected of murder said that if the

detective would take him round all the bars in Paris some barman would be sure to recognize him as he had been filthily drunk. "Do you know how many bars there are in Paris?" asked the detective. "No," said the suspect. "There are over 10,000 bars," said the 'tec. Whereat an American soldier rose from his seat and cheered loudly.

The rest of this little film was good enough to suggest that someone in this country has been looking at Hollywood's films and taking notes. The main feature, *The Fifth Chair*, is a superb piece of satire. Like the Marx Brothers' films it has a logic of its own, and is at all times wildly funny without descending to buffoonery or horseplay.

May I suggest to this management that the comfort of its patrons would be enormously increased if the usherettes could be persuaded to desist from skittering and scampering all over the place and carrying on intimate conversations in the loudest possible whispers?



Fred's final adventure leads him to the apartment of William Bendix (himself). Here he finds the "fifth chair." The picture ends with a triumphant procession led by Fred under police escort and followed by an army of bill collectors, nondescripts, a band of Indians, and a brass band



# The Theatre

"The Duchess of Malfi" (Haymarket)

IT is a high compliment to Mr. John Gielgud that he should have been taken to task for the unadventurous character of his otherwise admirable repertory season at the Haymarket. The criticism implied that he could be considered the leader of the English stage whose duty it was occasionally to lend his prestige to masterpieces of unproved popularity. *The Duchess of Malfi* is such a masterpiece; and it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Gielgud will persuade his great theatrical following to revel Jacobeanly in this carnival of evil.

It is the tragedy of a gay Duchess whose second marriage to the steward of the house shocks her brother into a long drawn out frenzy of sadistic revenge. After attempting to unsettle her reason by a succession of ghostly tortures, he has her strangled and is himself driven mad by the recollection of his monstrous deeds.

VARIOUS revivals in recent years suggested that this "tragedy of blood," for all its dark magnificence, was beyond the range of our imaginative sympathy. So fantastic was its violence that instead of making our flesh creep, as no doubt it made the flesh of its original audiences creep, it was apt at crises of the action to provoke the comfortably sceptical modern playgoer to laughter. Perhaps we come to the present revival a little less sure that insensate cruelty is part of the dead past. Webster's infatuation with terror, with the springs of evil in men's minds, with the smell of the churchyard, the torture chamber and the charnel house has become comprehensible. These Jacobean villains have all the cold, calculating

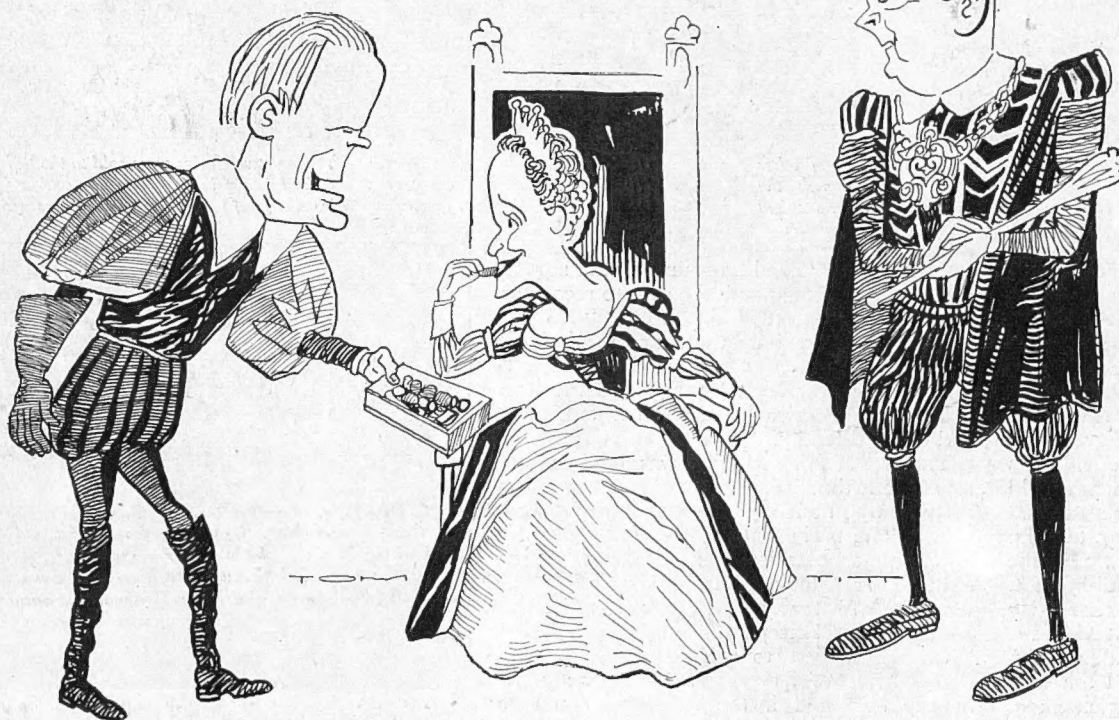
precision of the modern totalitarian ethic. And even when the stage is heaped with corpses for the final curtain we are less inclined than we were to ask with whimsical complacency: why does the multiplication table have such a disturbing effect in the theatre; why is one violent death tragic while four at once become comic?

Yet even allowing for some change in the audience's historical perspective, *The Duchess of Malfi* is by no means easy to re-animate. Webster is a master of the well-placed phrase, but his poetry is not quite potent enough to do all the work it is set to do, and the finest scenes cry out to be presented with a fiercer realism than today would be politic. The thrusting of a dead man's hand into the hand of the Duchess can be made sufficiently horrible under cover of darkness, but the waxen images counterfeiting the death of her husband and children must not be unduly shocking and the madmen among whom she stands appalled become almost of necessity a merely decorative masque. But the acting shirks none of the play's challenges.



**Murderous Intent:** The Cardinal and his brother, Ferdinand, plan the destruction of their sister's unknown lover and father of her children (Leon Quartermaine and John Gielgud).

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



**Tempter's Treachery:** Bosola, Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess, is paid by the brothers to spy on his mistress. By his gift of new peaches he hopes to find out whether his suspicion that the Duchess is pregnant is well founded. The Duchess eats greedily under the disapproving eye of Bologna, Steward of the Household and, sub rosa, her lover and husband (Cecil Truncer, Peggy Ashcroft and Leslie Banks)

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT's Duchess is brilliantly gay in her wooing of the steward, wearing happiness as though entitled to it by virtue of her noble rank, and in captivity, exposed to all the humiliations that evil ingenuity can devise, she is both open eyed to horror and unyielding, so that her "I am Duchess of Malfi still" seems to carry conviction even to the ears of her tormentors. Mr. Gielgud plays Ferdinand as a neurotic stung to madness by unnatural love and hate, and this unorthodox reading seems to do the play no harm. It is reinforced by Mr. Gielgud's peculiar nervous intensity and by the beauty of his utterance.

But the highest distinction of the revival is undoubtedly brought in by Mr. Cecil Truncer's masterly presentment of Bosola, the hired murderer who works in mischief as an artist works in colours and is yet alive to the evil that he does and knows in the end the torture of unavailing remorse. This was Betterton's part; we should find it hard to believe that Mr. Truncer plays it with less subtlety and force. Mr. Leon Quartermaine is the Cardinal—a good Renaissance portrait of sensuality and calculation in scarlet robes; Mr. Leslie Banks the rather poor, passive husband of the Duchess.

Mr. George Rylands, the producer, sees to it that dark with sinister beauty as the stage must be, the faces of the actors are always in the light.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



# Christenings in the Country



Swaebe

**Mark Nigel Thomas Vaughan Fisher**, son of Major Nigel Fisher, Welsh Guards, and Lady Gloria Fisher, was christened at Chobham Church, Surrey. He is seen in his mother's arms, with his six-year-old sister, Amanda. Major Fisher, on active service abroad, was unable to attend the ceremony



Clapperton, Selkirk

**David Henry George Scott**, son of Lt.-Col. Lord George Scott and Lady George Scott, was christened at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose. The Duke of Gloucester is one of his godparents. In this group at the church door are: Mrs. H. O. Bishop, Major T. Bishop, Lady George Scott and the baby, Mrs. T. Bishop, Lady Angela Davenay and Lady William Scott. In front are the two small daughters of Lord and Lady George Scott, Georgina and Charmian



**Susan Minette Urquhart**, third daughter of Major-Gen. R. E. Elliot Urquhart, D.S.O., and Mrs. Urquhart, was christened at Chudleigh Parish Church, Devon. She is seen above with her parents and the Rev. M. L. Stevens, who officiated. Major-Gen. Urquhart commanded the British 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem last autumn



Left:

**Hermione Ponsonby**, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Robert Ponsonby, of Little Bracken, Merrywood Lane, Storrington, was christened recently. Photographed after the ceremony, sitting: Mrs. Peter Haig, Lady Ponsonby, the Hon. Mrs. Lane, holding the baby, and Sir George Ponsonby. Behind: Capt. R. Pender Mollison, Miss Maud Ponsonby, Miss Withy Lane, Mrs. R. Ponsonby, Lt.-Cdr. R. Ponsonby and Mrs. Pender Mollison



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Memorial Service

IN all its long history, St. Paul's can rarely have been the setting for a more impressive scene than on the morning of the memorial service for President Roosevelt, when Their Majesties, with Princess Elizabeth, led the nation in its mourning for a well-loved and true friend. Crowned heads and the heirs to two of the most stable monarchies of Europe—Princess Juliana and Crown Prince Olaf—spending what everyone hopes will be their last few weeks of exile in England, met to pay their reverences to a great American at what will in all probability be the last great public occasion before their triumphant return to their own lands.

Our own Prime Minister, bemoaning the loss of a very dear personal friend, as well as of an irreplaceable colleague, came with all the members of his Cabinet, except Mr. Eden, who was in America, where he attended the funeral of the President.

The King, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, the Queen, in deep mourning, and the Princess, with a black band of mourning on the arm of her khaki A.T.S. uniform, met the foreign Royalties in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, where the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood and the Duchess of Kent were also waiting. Lady Nunburnholme, tall and very attractive in black, was in attendance on Her Majesty, and Sir Alan Lascelles and Capt. Sir Harold Campbell were with the King. Queen Mary was represented by her Comptroller, Lord Claud Hamilton; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester by Lt.-Col. Howard Kerr, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone by Mr. and Mrs. More; and among many other members of the Royal Households who came to the Cathedral I noticed Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household.

### Birthday

COURT mourning came to an end just before the nineteenth birthday of Princess Elizabeth, but, like all Royal birthdays in wartime, it was celebrated quietly in the family circle, without even the usual family gathering at luncheon, because of transport difficulties. Last year's birthday was marked by more ceremony, and attracted greater public interest, because

at eighteen the Princess came of age in the Royal sense; that is to say, as Queen she could exercise full powers and control in her own right, though remaining, in the ordinary legal sense, a minor as long as she is a Princess, until her twenty-first birthday.

Lady Mary Strachey, H.R.H.'s attractive young lady-in-waiting, who is a daughter of Lord Selborne, was kept hard at work for several days before and after the birthday, answering

letters and telegrams of congratulation for her Royal mistress, and dealing with the flood of invitations and requests for the Princess to visit various towns and preside at all sorts of functions. Several important engagements have, with the consent of the King and Queen, been arranged for Princess Elizabeth in the coming weeks, but the majority of the birthday suggestions have had to be regretfully turned down, because, for the present at any rate, the Princess must still devote a great deal of her time and attention to her studies.

### Concert

THE concert which is being held to-night at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital and Convalescent Home of the Battersea Central Mission should be a tremendous success, both from the financial side, for the benefit of the Mission, and from the music-lovers' point of view, for Dr. Malcolm Sargent is conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Solomon is the soloist.

(Continued on page 138)



Lady Cowdray escorted her elder daughter, Teresa, into the ring. Teresa is five and looks like an experienced horsewoman



Anne Muir, on Cuckoo, won first prize in one of the Pony classes



Jean Murray was well over this obstacle in the Handy Open Class



Twin competitors at the Show were Rachel and Heather Hawker





*Young Competitors Parade in the Ring*

## Cowdray Hunt Horse Show and Gymkhana

*Held in April at Cowdray Park*



*Lord Cowdray studied the programme of events, with Miss Savage, Capt. Robinson and Lady Douglas Gordon*



*Mrs. Jack Robinson and the Dowager Lady Cowdray were watching the gymkhana together, while behind them Alva Robinson waited her turn on her white pony*



*Barbara Silvester has her pony measured by Mr. R. G. Gwyer, the vet, assisted by Mrs. Hawker and Mrs. Hounsell*



*Miss Denise Braddyll was a prizewinner on Mr. Field's Melin*



*Mrs. Scott competed in the Handy Hunter Open Class*



*Brigadier Allen showed his entrant in the Hunter Class*





### A Red Cross Talk by the Duchess

The Duchess of Northumberland (centre), County Organiser of the Red Cross Victory Garden Campaign, gave a talk on Red Cross work at Whittingham to members of the W.V.S. She is seen with Mrs. Blythe, W.V.S., and Lady Armstrong, organiser of the Rothbury Division W.V.S.



### A Recent Wedding in Perthshire

Major James S. Macfarlane, Canadian Army, of Montreal, married Miss Aimee Elspeth Scrimgeour-Wedderburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Scrimgeour-Wedderburn, of Mugdrum, Newburgh, Perth. Miss Lorna Scrimgeour-Wedderburn was bridesmaid, Col. Douglas Roe best man and Charles and Robin Melville train-bearers



### Haymarket First-Nighters

Lady Anderson, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was in a box at the Haymarket for the first night of "The Duchess of Malfi," and with her were Mr. David Montgomery, son of the Field-Marshal, and Miss Gill Benson



### Three Theatre-Goers

Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, wife of the publisher, Lady Rothschild and Mr. John Russell were three more at the first performance of "The Duchess of Malfi," the revival of John Webster's tragedy at the Haymarket Theatre

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Dr. Sargent came to the last committee meeting, over which Lady Waleran presided as chairman, and both he and Lady Waleran made excellent speeches. The Battersea Mission are doing wonderful work, for not only do they care for the young children, looking after them and guiding them into manhood and womanhood, but they continue to take the greatest interest in their welfare after they have left school.

### Helpers

HELPING Lady Waleran is Lady Anne Rhys, as deputy chairman, and the Countess of Midleton, Lady Doverdale and Mrs. Peter Cheney as vice-chairmen. Mrs. Emsley Carr, Mrs. Gordon Moore and Mrs. Warren Pearl are three of the vice-presidents, and I saw them all at the meeting. Lady Chesham was there and bought tickets; so did Lady Cohen, who was wearing Red Cross uniform.

At the end of the meeting Dr. Malcolm Sargent had a long talk with Miss Ivie Price, whom he last met when he was in Australia while she was out there staying with her cousin, the Countess of Gowrie, at Government House, Canberra, when Lord Gowrie was Governor-General of Australia.

### London by Day

THE brilliant sunshine and the good news from the war fronts have made London a brighter place than for many months past. Walking in Brook Street, wearing a trim grey suit and all-white accessories, Mrs. John Dewar attracted many eyes; the Countess of Cadogan, wearing a thin flame coat over a black dress, was with the Earl; the Countess of Midleton hurried along to one of her many committee meetings; the Earl of Fortescue, who was recently appointed Captain of His Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, got on a bus outside the Cavalry Club; and Capt. Leveson-Gower waited patiently with his luggage outside his club for the ever more-elusive taxi. Capt. Leveson-Gower is in the Coldstream Guards, and owned that good horse St. George, which won many "chases" in the 'thirties.

(Concluded on page 154)



### The Archbishop of Canterbury with His Wife and Sons

Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, recently enthroned as ninety-seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, was photographed shortly before the ceremony with his wife and his six sons: Capt. Frank Fisher, M.C., Sherwood Foresters; Timothy, who is still at school; Lt.-Col. Harry Fisher, Leicestershire Regt., home from Burma; Lt. Humphrey Fisher, R.A.; Mr. Robert Fisher, medical student; and Lt. Charles Fisher, R.A., on leave from Italy





Lt. and Mrs. L. L. Toynbee

Lt. Lawrence L. Toynbee, Coldstream Guards, son of Professor and Mrs. A. J. Toynbee, married Miss Jean Constance Asquith, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Arthur Asquith and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Asquith, in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral



At the Annual Meeting of the Primrose League in London

Swabe

Seated in this group are: Lord Bennett, Lady Ebbisham, Lord Chatfield, Lady Chatfield, Lord Ebbisham (President), the Duke of Sutherland, Miss E. Kilby (Secretary of the Primrose League) and the Duchess of Sutherland. Behind: Mrs. Haye, Miss Rycroft, Mr. Willoughby Garner, Lady Fox, Mrs. Lewis Richards, Dame Beatrix Lyall, Sir Richard Wells, M.P., and Major E. H. Harrington



Lady June Rhys and Mrs. James Ballard were at the committee meeting held at Claridge's, in connection with the London Philharmonic Orchestra's concert at the Albert Hall on May 2nd



Mrs. Kenward was talking to Major Percy Davies. He is hon. treasurer of the committee for the concert of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, to be conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent



Lady Waleran and Mrs. E. Carr were there. Proceeds of the concert at the Albert Hall are for the Sick Children's Hospital and Convalescent Home, Battersea Central Mission



Lady Chesham, Mrs. Peter Cheyney and Mrs. Gerard Brown were engaged in tea-table conversation when the serious business was finished



Dr. Malcolm Sargent, conducting the concert at the Albert Hall, auctioned a white elephant for £7 at the committee meeting



The Countess of Midleton was discussing something of importance with Mrs. Gordon Moore at the committee meeting at Claridge's

#### Committee Meeting for a Concert to be Held in Aid of Sick Children



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**B**EETHOVEN'S birthplace at Bonn and now Wagner's opera shrine at Bayreuth having taken the inevitable knock-out, like so many other monuments all over Europe, it is not surprising to find literary and music critics weeping and sniffing to some extent; though we bet if a saucy blonde tripped past they'd soon dry their eyes, for most of them are weak and sinful types. What we don't understand is hearing no howls from the parlour-Jacobins of Bloomsbury since Treves took the crack a little time ago, for Treves is the shrine of their whiskery god Karl Marx, *né* Mordecai, who was born there in 1818.

Never having ploughed through *Das Kapital*—nor have 95 per cent. of the Left boys—we wouldn't know whether it is the kind of book you could put into the hands of a wellbred English Rose. A Professor of Economics once told us it is rather sentimental, though never *risqué*, and the economics boys never lie, as we know, unless to save the honour of some dear good woman. So the impression of Karl Marx (or Mordecai) we like to cling to is that of a genial old Mr. Cheeryble with a whimsical round spectacled face, surrounded by a kind of maelstrom of boiling white fuzz. Meditating on this, we lately composed the only poem of tenderness known to have been inspired directly by Marx (and his chief disciple) in any language. It is a nocturne, or, night-piece.

When Marx removed his trousers,  
shirt, and vest,  
And said his prayers, and  
blew the candle out,  
And went to bye-byes, like a  
good old scout,  
Did flights of Engels sing him to  
his rest?

Just a thought; or, as Peter  
Pan would put it, a thimble.

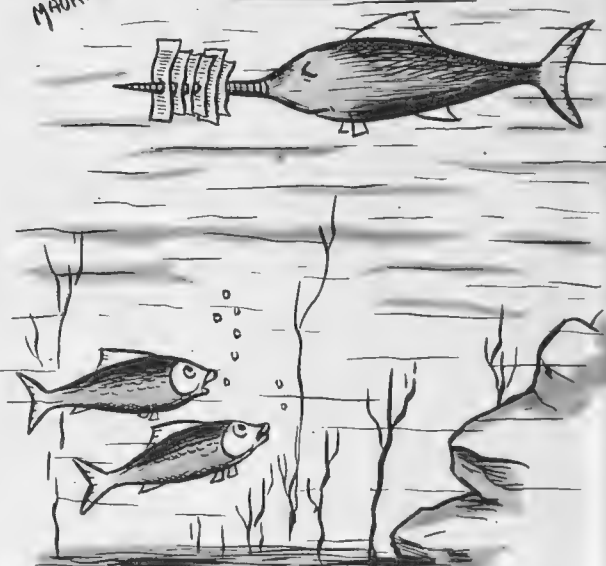
## Rap

A CITIZEN crying recently that the Navy is still not getting enough "romance" publicity was probably being rather tiresome. Our impression is that the last thing the senior—or any—Service wants is to be featured like a film-actress.

On one celebrated occasion when this cry was raised in wartime Mr. Charles Dibdin, the well-known poet and songwriter, rallied to the breach and began featuring typical naval ratings like Tom Bowling and Poor Jack in Covent Garden operettas. According to a modern authority on naval songs, the late Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, Mr. Dibdin's efforts made the fighting Navy go red all over.

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft,  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN



"He's something to do with the zoning scheme"

You may imagine a Covent Garden actor in glazed hat, striped shirt, pigtail, white slacks, and dainty buckled shoes finishing with a pirouette after making the pit and boxes swim in tears, while up in the top-gallery a party of gunners' mates on leave are being sick, with rude noises. Mr. Dibdin's stuff was never called for at chanty-time on the forecastle, apparently. Sailors do care.

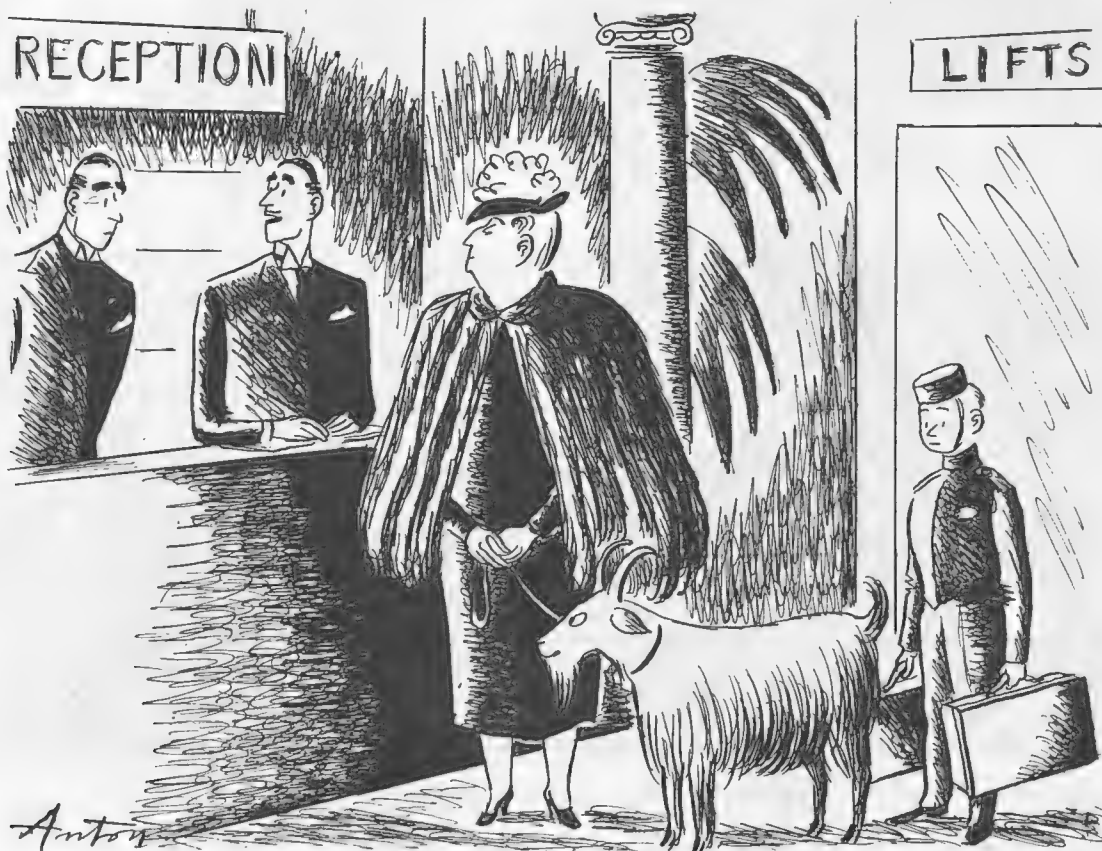
Observe that although Mr. Dibdin was perfectly accurate when he carolled that naval ratings are handsome, kind, virtuous, invincible, unswerving from duty, and noted for true and faithful love, he should have kept it under his cocked hat. Any picket rounding up the Portsmouth pubs on the eve of Trafalgar could have told him (wiping off the blood) that he missed one big naval virtue out completely, namely a decent horror of us inky boys.

## Sleuth

CHARLES MAURRAS having been sentenced for life for collaboration—rather savagely, one cannot help feeling, considering his extreme age and deafness and his enormous distinction in the European world of letters—it is now the turn of lesser French booksy boys. Georges Simenon, creator of Inspector Maigret, is about to stand his trial, we note.

Inspector Maigret, who naturally recalls A. E. W. Mason's Inspector Hanaud (whose elephantine charm and subtlety Maigret lacks) is quite a brainy devil; what the Ulster boys call, when they can bring themselves to approve of anyone, a civil wee fella. All current French detective-novelists have a marked pull over our own boys and girls in one respect, perhaps. The late Third Republic in its final years was such a paradise of crooks, from its monthly Cabinets down, that readymade plots almost fell into the fiction boys' mouths, especially if they had a chum in the Rue des Saussaies, where the dossiers are (or were) filed. (Don't laugh. Scotland Yard probably has you

(Concluded on page 142)



"She says she must be on the top floor because it's a mountain goat"



# Iver Children's Gymkhana

Held in Aid of Iver, Denham  
and Langley Cottage Hospital



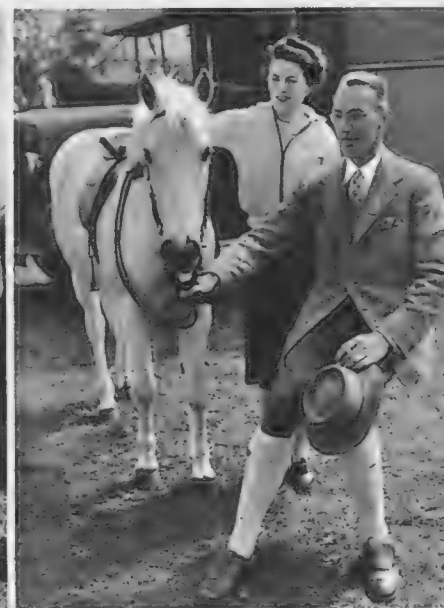
Prince Michael of Kent watched the proceedings, in which his sister took part, from a ringside seat in his push-cart



Princess Alexandra, on Kitty, receives a rosette for third prize in one of the Children's classes. It was presented by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, while her brother, the Duke of Kent, stroked the pony



Miss Janie Hill won the Best Novice Children's Rider class on Lady Diana



Mr. John K. Tullis, the chairman, and Miss M. Evans looked after a pony



Lady Noble and Miss F. Brunning were watching the gymkhana, which was held at the Grove Paddock, Langley Rd., Iver



Pamela Ansell, driving, with Michele Ansell, received a special award in the Utility Turn-outs class. The pony is called Brandy



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

taped, too.) Anyhow, Maigret is so popular that nobody, apparently, has ever expressed a wish to murder him, whereas to rub out poor Lord Peter Wimsey and M. Hercule Poirot and one or two more of our native fictional sleuths is the waking dream of many.

The Yard boys, a chap in close touch tells us, don't want Wimsey murdered by the populace, or any league or group; partly on humanitarian grounds and partly because amateurs would get it over far too quickly.

## Arcadiana

A CERTAIN frenzy in Nature circles has been caused by the Royal Observer Corps, who reported recently to the *Times* that on March 11 they heard and saw two cuckoos simultaneously in Staffordshire.

When a news-item of this kind breaks on the world Auntie's first step is to call a conference, according to our information. The corridors boil with long white beards and feverish activity. The debate is long and severe.

"This is no time, Faughaghton, for vacillation or pusillanimity."

"Indubitably, Wurlinghambury. Yet one cannot but feel that the quasi-hypothetical verisimilitude of such an extraordinary concatenation of avine circumstance could not—were the probity of those persons who have appraised us not proof against the sneers of incredulity, or the shudders of doubt—but provoke amazement, and perhaps disgust."

"On the other hand, Fidsworth—"

Here the Puzzle Editor faints and is borne out, moaning.

"—it is unhappily proven, beyond all bounds of peradventure, that with the recurrence of the vernal season there are persons whose understandings are so darkened by corruption, or inflamed by folly, as to stoop to indulge themselves in imitation—"

"Oh, you awful!"

Smack. A tiny flushed blonde secretary rises and points at a venerable figure bent

almost double, crying "Winking!" It having been discovered that the venerable figure has an affection of the eyelids, due to writing leading articles by candle-light during the Peninsular War, order is restored, and the conference continues.

Like economists, the Royal Observer Corps cannot tell a lie. If those were cuckoos they heard and saw, they saw and heard them, we bet. Or something.

## Contretemps

RICH women and music-lovers keep asking us peevishly if we have no more ballads to give the world. We are actually now putting the final polish on a new one, full of heartrending pathos. First verse:

As guests were gaily munching in a restaurant down West,  
A wealthy deb rushed in and swooned on the head-waiter's breast;  
All present started "ragging," in a jovial kind of way,  
When, lifting up her tearstained face, the lovely girl cried "Hay!"

Refrain (with anxious feeling)

Please don't tell my Mums what she's eating,  
Please, Mister Head-Waiter, be kind!  
If she knew it was horse,  
She'd be sick with remorse,  
Of dear friends it would put her in mind;  
It would taste to her just like Aunt Effie,  
The Duchess, or poor Lady Kate,  
So please, when it comes,  
Don't "let on" to Mums,  
Just tell her it's "pheasant," or "skate"!

Second verse:

A hush fell o'er the noisy scene as these fond words were said,  
And many threw their forks down as they wept and bowed their head;  
"She's right, boys!" cried a sporting Duke, "to spare her Mums this pain!"  
And rising as by one accord, they sang the soft refrain.



"For goodness' sake take the books too—the auditors are coming to-morrow"

The third verse looks like being rather tragic, because, as it turns out, it is Aunt Effie. *Nutshell*

SOME stuffed bonze or other who was giving tongue recently on the delicate subtleties of the political art (or science) implied that to express the essence of politics in a few words is impossible. Which shows that bonzes have unhappy childhoods, otherwise they would never forget a little old French nursery-rhyme which puts the whole pompous jigamarig into a dozen words:

Les marionnettes font, font, font,  
Trois p'tits tours et puis s'en vont.

Which might be rendered:  
The puppets enter, mop and mow,  
Twirl three times, and out they go.

There's an old English nursery-rhyme also which equally reveals the political underworld and its sinister fauna in two lines:

Hjnx! Pinx! The old witch winks!

The fat begins to fry!

We forget the rest, except that it concerns a neurotic or paranoiac named Jumping Joan, one of those Bloomsbury females, maybe, who write in highbrow reviews boosting the forthcoming Servile State. Whee!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Please don't tell me you're one of those unlucky women who don't understand men"





[Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.]

## A Famous Architect: Sir Charles Reilly, O.B.E., LL.D., M.A., F.R.I.B.A.

Sir Charles Reilly, architect and planner, and well-known teacher and writer on architectural subjects, is at present engaged on a development plan for Birkenhead. His idea for a new dormitory town, reviving the use of the village green, created widespread interest and was the cause of a political controversy. It has inspired the author Lawrence Wolfe to write a book entitled *The Reilly Plan*, which will shortly be published. Emeritus Professor of Architecture at the University of Liverpool, Royal Gold Medallist for Architecture, 1943, Sir Charles was formerly Director for thirty years of the Liverpool School of Architecture, which, under his direction, became well known throughout the world, with a large proportion of overseas students. He was one of the founders and first Chairman of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. Sir Charles's only son, Paul Reilly, the journalist, now a Lieut.-Commander, R.N.V.R., married the dancer, Pamela Foster; his daughter, Patricia, is the wife of the architect, Derek Bridgewater.



*Gabriel*: "Eight days, my dear, instead of five. That's what this blackbeetle does for me"

*Gabriel von Eisenstein* (Cyril Ritchard) breaks the news to his wife (Ruth Naylor) that he is to go to prison for eight days. *Blind*, the lawyer (Trevor Glynn), has failed in his appeal



*Gabriel*: "We are just two hearts burning for companionship, aren't we?"

At the party, *Gabriel* falls in love with a masked lady. He flirts violently with her, little dreaming that she is his own wife *Rosalinda* in disguise



*Rosalinda*: "Gabriel, what shall I do without you?"

*Rosalinda* says good-bye to her husband, while her saucy little maid, *Adele* (Irene Ambrus), puts the finishing touch to the gay evening outfit, in which *Gabriel* intends to go to prison

## Strauss with a Sparkle

The Laughter and Song of Old Vienna Revived in "Gay *Rosalinda*"



*Orlofsky*: "Marquis, how can I thank you? You've made my party a success"

*Gabriel*, masquerading as a marquis and filled with good wine, celebrates his last night of freedom by dancing the waltz with *Frankman*, governor of the local jail (David Davies)





*Alfred: "Nothing gives strength like good wine"*

*Alfred (James Etherington), an operatic tenor and old lover of Rosalinda's, is delighted to hear of Gabriel's imprisonment. He and Rosalinda intend to enjoy to the full her temporary freedom from marital obligations*



*Gabriel: "Illustrious company always inspires me"*

*Instead of going straight to prison, Gabriel is persuaded by his old friend Doctor Falke (Bernard Clifton) to attend a party at the home of Prince Orlofsky (Peter Graves)*

● *Die Fledermaus* has come back to London with a new zest, a new sparkle. In *Gay Rosalinda* one thing remains unchanged—the haunting music of Johann Strauss, which, in the competent hands of Richard Tauber, who conducts the Symphony Orchestra under its leader Daniel Melsa, is as bewitchingly intoxicating as ever. Ruth Naylor as Rosalinda and Irene Ambrus as Adele, her maid, sing charmingly; comedy is in the safe hands of Cyril Ritchard and Jay Laurier, and the whole evening moves with a zest and sparkle wholly in keeping with all the old traditions of Strauss operetta. *Gay Rosalinda* is presented by Tom Arnold and Bernard Delfont at the Palace Theatre

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*Frosch: "It's the jolliest jail I ever knew—a home from home"*

*Frosch the jailer (Jay Laurier) tells his master, Frankman, of the goings-on in the jail that night. Rosalinda's lover, Alfred, arrested as Von Eisenstein, has caused a riot of fun with his protestations of innocence*



*Alfred: "Rosalinda, I forbid you to strike your husband"*

*The climax comes when Gabriel discovers that Alfred was arrested at his home and wearing his dressing-gown. Rosalinda, however, knows only too well how Gabriel has spent his evening, and the two make it up and it all ends happily as good fairy-stories should*

## Out of Doors



David Gurney

**Lady Walker** and her son, **Victor**, were photographed at their home, **Ringdale Manor**, near **Faringdon**, **Berkshire**. **Lady Walker** was **Miss Angela Margaret Beaufort** before her marriage in 1939, and is the daughter of **Major V. A. Beaufort** and of **Mrs. C. F. Burnard**, of **Sherborne**, **Dorset**. Her husband, **Sir James Heron Walker**, succeeded to the barony in 1930



Compton Collier

**Mrs. G. B. Foster** has two little girls, **Rosanna** and **Mary**. Eldest daughter of the late **Hon. Everard** and **Lady Ulrica Baring**, she married in 1939, as his second wife, **Major Gordon Bentley Foster**, of **Leysthorpe**, **Oswaldkirk**, **Yorkshire**. **Mrs. Foster** is a sister of **Lady Richmond Brown**



Brodrick Verno

**Mrs. Toby Musker** was taking the air in **Hyde Park** with her small daughter, **Juliet**. She was formerly **Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton**, and is a sister of **Major Douglas Makgill-Crichton**, laird of **Monzie Castle**, **Perthshire**, who is serving in the **Middle East**



Compton Collier

**Lady Barbara Hurst**, wife of **Lt.-Col. Richard Lumley Hurst**, was photographed with her daughters at the home of her father-in-law, **Sir Cecil James Barrington Hurst**, **G.C.M.G.**, **K.C.B.**, in **Sussex**. Before her marriage she was **Lady Barbara Lindsay**, and is the youngest of the five sisters of the **Earl of Crawford and Balcarres**





Miss Susan Tatham, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Tatham, was the winner of the Senior Challenge Cup at Gulmarg Pony Show and Gymkhana



Winners of the Ladies' Handicap Foursomes at Gulmarg Golf Competitions were Mrs. Sorby and Mrs. Bruce. They were two up at the end of their match



Mrs. M. H. Bickford beat Mrs. Wreford by 3 and 2 in the final of the Ladies' Amateur Championship of India, played at Gulmarg

## A Gymkhana and Golf Competitions at Gulmarg, Kashmir

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### Next Wednesday's Guineas

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said in his despite, the reflection of which we have seen in the betting, I still stand convinced that Dante wins the Two Thousand, if he is ridden quite differently from the way in which he was in the Rosebery Stakes at Stockton on April 7th, and also, incidentally, in that earlier triumph last year in the Coventry. This brilliant steed is bone lazy, and it is quite obvious that, unless his nose is kept to the grindstone, he will down tools in a moment if he is allowed to get the idea that the battle is over. If, for instance, at Stockton he had had something of the class of, say, Court Martial on his tail, instead of Gaekwar's Pride, who knows? I say the same thing about the Coventry Stakes, in which he beat Fordham just as easily by four lengths, as he did Gaekwar's Pride at Stockton—time for the Coventry first-class; time for the Rosebery Stakes rotten, as some of Dante's critics quickly, and quite justly, pointed out. It is to be feared that the art of Sam Chifney is a lost one. That great master of the casura might venture to practise it with a colt like Dante, but I am quite sure that it might end disastrously if any modern jockey tried to do it. This is the danger to Dante's chance next Wednesday. If he is permitted to get a wrong idea into his head as to the situation of the winning-post, anything might beat him, and I think Court Martial certainly would. It is now fully exposed what he does the moment his jockey performs that feat called "dropping his hands," and the vigilant people on the ones behind him are not likely to miss a chance a third time. How brilliantly fast Dante must be to be able to pick it up again! Ridden resolutely, I cannot see him beaten over this Bunbury Mile next Wednesday, for I am sure that it is going to take the best all its time to take his number down. The best is represented by Court Martial and High Peak, but I prefer the latter for that longer journey on June 9th. What a pity it is that the Two Thousand cannot be run over the historic mile named after Charles II.'s famous hack! No course, so far as I know, has had its distances altered so many times as the Rowley Mile: 1 mile 1 yard from 1822 to 1853; 1 mile 17 yards on the 1853 measurement; 1 mile 11 yards in 1888 till 1902, when it became 1 mile "dead"—yet never "dead," as I suggest anyone will perceive if he stands with his back to the pull-up. If you walk the course, you may not notice anything.

### The Ladies

AFTER what happened in the 1-mile Southern Stakes at Salisbury on April 21st, I do not see how we can look at anything else than

Mrs. Feather for the One Thousand. She beat the game, and very good, Grandmaster, recent and attractive winner of the Free Handicap, fairly and squarely with an obliterating burst

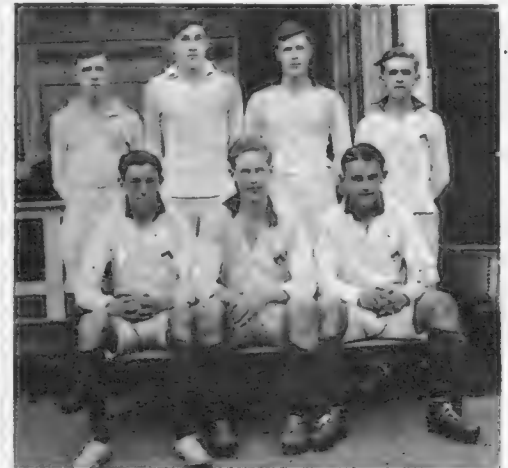


### The Public Schools Seven-a-Side Tournament at Richmond

Rugby won the Public Schools Seven-a-Side tournament, regaining the cup they held in 1943. They defeated Oundle 13-0 in the final. Sitting: C. G. Bellamy, W. S. Wardill (captain), H. D. Doherty. Standing: G. M. Wallace-Jones, R. A. R. Bell, J. L. Bullard, L. H. Marshall



Hurstpierpoint lost to Rugby in the semi-final, which they reached for the first time, after beating Dulwich, Haileybury and Blundell's. Sitting: S. C. Simmons, J. H. Neal (captain), M. B. Devine. Standing: N. M. Forster, R. H. Mason, A. E. Horniman, W. J. Shorter



Oundle were runners-up in the Public Schools Seven-a-Sides, having previously beaten Wellington, King Edward's, Birmingham and Uppingham. Sitting: I. S. Cloag, J. N. Redfern (captain), D. G. Cowie. Standing: I. S. Parlyb, J. M. K. Jenkins, J. D. Tankard, R. N. Lingwood



Uppingham, semi-finalists, lost to Oundle 5-14. They had already defeated City of London, St. Dunstan's and Emmanuel. Sitting: G. B. Vaughton, K. J. Fisher (captain), L. I. Holmes-Smith. Standing: — Wilkin-son, B. Boobyer, J. C. J. Calderwood, J. Le N. Miller

D. R. Stuart

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

with a better forehead. Sun Stream only beats her behind the saddle.

## Best Race of the Year?

It is suggested that the Coronation Cup may provide it, "for never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray!" The swear-word is Macaulay's! Ocean Swell, Hycilla, Tehran, Persian Gulf, Rockefeller, Abbots Fell, Cadet (recent winner of the 1½-mile Salisbury Stakes, getting 4 lb. from Abbots Fell), Borealis—what a field and what a puzzle! Thus early I hardly dare so much as whisper an opinion, but with Persian Gulf and Hycilla with which to concoct a potion, what might not the magician who trains them be able to do? I think Ocean Swell is reserved for a triumph over a longer distance. I have a wholesome respect for Rockefeller. I wonder how much better than Abbots Fell the Wise Man of Lambourn knows him to be.

## Funk-Holes

THE gentleman who assured his countrymen that no British plane would ever drop a bomb on Germany is certainly a good picker



## Bowler-Hatted Jockey

Capt. Pigot Smith, on Snuff, was an entrant for one of the races at the improvised racecourse at Arezzo, Italy, on Easter Sunday. He retained his dignified bearing—and his hat—right up to the finish

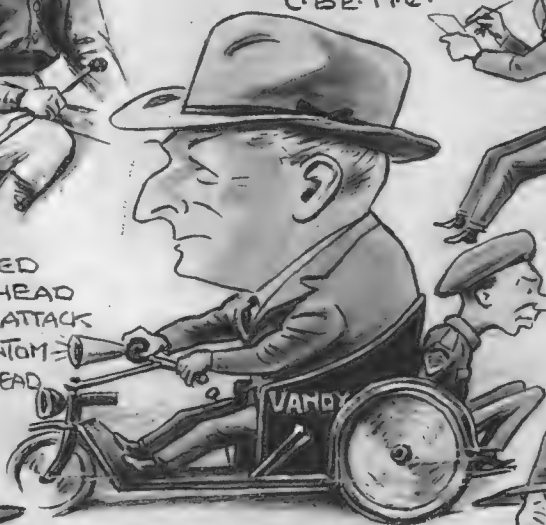


MICHAEL BEARY IN THE MID-DAY SUN COLOURS



MAJOR-GENERAL W.M. OZANNE C.B.E. M.C.

ARMOURD SPEARHEAD ABOUT TO ATTACK THE PHANTOM BRIDGE-HEAD



LANCE BOMBARDIER WILLIE STEPHENSON R.A.



SIR PERCY LORAINE



T. GOSLING BEATS J. GOOSE FOR SIXTH PLACE.



EPH SMITH AND DAN

## Front Line at Newmarket: by "The Toul"

Michael Beary won the Haughley Stakes at the Craven Meeting on Mrs. G. B. Miller's Minette, a useful three-year-old filly by her owner's Derby winner, Middy Sun, who, it will be recalled, was likewise steered to victory by Michael at Epsom in 1937. Major "Vandy" Beatty has upwards of thirty horses in training at Phantom House, Newmarket, this season. Judged on recent running, his speedy Phantom Bridge should pick up a race soon. Major Beatty's indomitable pluck has overcome the necessity of having to get about in a motor-driven chair. Lance Bombardier Willie Stephenson rode Phantom Bridge last time out. Sir Percy Loraine's recent Windsor winner, Fractious (trained at Beckhampton), may contest the One Thousand Guineas on May 8th at Newmarket. Eph Smith won the Derby on Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter in '39. He is Jack Jarvis's stable jockey, and in his spare moments breeds Golden Labradors, and breaks them too

if he is in the spot alleged. Insel Reichenau, which is not really an island, is one of the most beautiful little spots down the Rhine from Lake Constance, and not very far above those surpassingly lovely Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen, so reminiscent of the beautiful Lorelei and her unfortunate adventure with the faithless Rupert the Fearless. Göring might easily slip across the river in a motor-boat! Other gentlemen of his party are said to be in Constance, and this again is a most handy spot for a quick getaway. Kreuzlingen, which is just over the frontier in Switzerland, is practically a part of Constance, and not more than ten minutes' walk from the centre of that ancient and sleepy town, the Markstette. The Verführer of Germany has probably gone to his little nest in the Bavarian Alps, a far less safe funk-hole than the places just named. Switzerland does not appear, however, to be very friendly, and, frankly, I can only think of one "neutral" country which might be ready to accommodate these most unpleasant gentlemen.



## Cricketer in Uniform

W/Cdr. P. G. H. Fender, the famous English cricketer and former Test match player, was photographed in Sydney on R.A.F. administrative duties. His cricket has been severely limited since the war, and his last visit to Australia was in 1929

## Heat!

A RECENT cable from Bombay stating that a "record" temperature of 103 degrees in the shade had been registered must have made some other old sunbaked brickbats sit up and also rub their dusty eyes. Possibly a record for Bombay was meant; but it suggested the record for Hindustan. Why, -103 degrees is hardly a record for midnight in some places: Multan, for instance. That place lies on a strip of so-called herbage "that just divides the Desert (of Sind) from the Sown." In Multan they know about temperatures of 118 and 120 degrees in the shade, and over 100 degrees under the punkah or buzz-fan, and 102 degrees at midnight. Abbotabad can also claim to compete in this class, and Old Calcutta is not far behind. In the palaces and offices of the Merchant Princes, they think 98 degrees a quite reasonable figure, and often it touches 102 degrees, and it is not the almost-bearable dry kind, but the other sort, which the chaps in Burma have had, and still have, to stand, excepting, perhaps, those lucky enough to be in Maymyo, which is Mandalay's hill-station, a little fairyland, but not as high as the more famous hilltops in India, which average about 7000 ft. Another thing which no doubt has amazed people who know exactly of what the "Solar Myth" is capable are these photographs of troops out battle-fighting in tin hats and at other times in things called "Smasher" hats, like the Australian and New Zealand chaps wore and little Johnnie Gurkha made so fashionable.





Taylor — Cooke

Lt.-Cdr. Arthur Hugh Enfield Taylor, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Mr. H. F. Taylor and of Lady Sibbald Scott, and Miss Monica Soames Cooke, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooke, of 13, Wilton Crescent, S.W., and Hill Lodge, Maidenhead, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Hope-Thomson — Matthias

Col. M. R. J. Hope Thomson, M.C., The Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Major James Thomson and of Mrs. Thomson, married Miss Anne Matthias, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Matthias, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in March



Lyall — Martin

Major David Charles Lyall, Royal Signals, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. R. Lyall, of Taunton, Somerset, married Miss Eileen Richard Martin, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. V. Martin, of Whitethorns, Moor Park, Herts, at Holy Trinity, Northwood, Middlesex



Grosvenor — Perry

Left: Lt.-Col. Gerald Hugh Grosvenor, 9th Lancers, eldest son of the late Lord Hugh Grosvenor and of the late Lady Mabel Hamilton-Stubber, and Miss Sally Perry, twin daughter of the late Mr. George Perry and of Mrs. Alfred Scott-Hewitt, of Ribbleton, Boars Hill, Oxford, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



Stuart White — Earl

F/Lt. Derek Arthur Stuart White, only son of Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Stuart White, of Somerton, Sutton, Surrey, and Miss Angela Irene Earl, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Earl, of Fairway House, Newmarket, Suffolk, were married at All Saints', Newmarket



Laing — Crocker

Major George Laing, M.B.E., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir George and Lady Laing, of Albury, The Avenue, Andover, Hants, married Miss Elisabeth Crocker, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, of Brighton, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Ewart — Layard

Mr. William J. Ewart, of the Foreign Office, only son of Mr. W. H. Lee Ewart, of Broadleas, Devizes, and Miss Vivien Layard, elder daughter of Col. Peter Layard, M.C., and of Mrs. Layard, of Corton Denham House, Sherborne, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

WORTH

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WORTH



# THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

by Jean Lorimer



HARTNELL

Photographs by Dormer Cole



PETER RUSSELL, hat by ERIK



DIGBY MORTON, hat by THAARUP

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## The Voiceless

WITH the liberation of country after country, the clamped-down lid of silence is being levered up. Only slowly, perhaps, shall we be able to comprehend what our brothers and sisters in Europe have been through. Our own imaginations have been overstrained, numbed, by the successive happenings since 1940. We can, it is true, readily be uplifted by resistance literature, already coming from France, due soon from the rest of Europe. But that is life in its most active, heroic terms. And those resistance stories—if it be not frivolous to say so—are, besides everything else, tensely exciting.

But we still know little of those millions who, under German occupation, did nothing more than endure—though, was that nothing? Those who continued, under the shadow that drained joy from everything, a fading semblance of their ordinary lives. These did not "resist" in the active sense; they were too old, too young, weak in health, bewildered into a stupor, uncertain of right and wrong, or innately timid and passive by temperament. They aspired only to stay unnoticed, to escape the tormentor's eye. Daring barely to whisper, even in their own homes, they clung to one another and to the few things they had. They were not heroic—but dare we say *all* of us would have been more heroic in their places? Not heroic, but of a pathos so profound that the word "pathos" seems inadequate.

Such are the Greek couple, middle-aged. Mr. and Mrs. Helianos, in Glenway Wescott's *Household in Athens* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.). Mr. Wescott—American novelist of such distinction and of such high reputation in his own country that it surprises me he is not better known here—seems to have steeped his imagination in the atmosphere of that small, ill-fated Athens flat. His novel is, where he is concerned, 'impersonal'—somehow, one hardly thinks of it as a novel; one is startled to remember that it is "by" anyone. It is as though the author had, anonymously, passed on his powers to the Helianos, seeing on their behalf all that they are too dazed to see, providing speech for their inarticulate souls.

## Unwilling Hosts

THE Helianos had been originally—and were, one might say, by temperament—well-to-do. He had been a publisher, succeeding to his father's position in the family firm: he came, and had not declined from, good stock—cultivated, high-principled, liberal. She had been a beauty: stoutness, heart-trouble and nervousity had already, for some years, impaired her looks. But she had, until trouble stunned her, remained sociable, pleasure-loving, warm-hearted if unstable. She, on her side, came from a long-established reactionary merchant

family. Before 1941 the Helianos lived in a large, pleasant villa in a residential suburb of Athens: when Greece was invaded, they had moved into a four-roomed flat in the heart of the city. Their adored eldest son, Cimon, had been killed in the battle of Mount Olympus, in April 1941. They were left with two younger children—Alex, an overstrung, excitable boy of twelve, and Leda, a retarded little girl of eleven.

So, when the story opens in spring 1943, do we meet the Helianos, already cramped enough in the little flat. Now, here, the absolute blow falls: they are informed that they are to have a German officer billeted on them. Here is a picture of Mr. Helianos's attitude to the news:

He himself was to blame in a way; he was too sedentary and philosophical for the time of war. To be sure, he would have nothing to do with the Germans or Italians; but, on the other hand, he did not participate at all in the underground or any sort of organised resistance to the occupiers of Greece. He never thought of anything that he felt he might be able to do in that way. His relatives let him know how they felt, by sharp sayings in the Athenian spirit, or by a new solemnity at the family gatherings, or by not coming where he and his wife were expected.

Therefore Helianos was extremely despondent when they had to take a German officer to live in their flat. As things stood between him and his kinsmen, he could see it was bound to bring disgrace as well as difficulty and distress. It was his weakness



Broderick Vernon

Mr. Percy Colson, recently published "Close of an Era," a book of reminiscences of social life in Victorian England. He has lately finished editing a volume of letters relating to an eminent Victorian, the first Viscount Goschen, entitled "Lord Goschen and His Friends," which will appear in the autumn. Two detective stories by Mr. Colson are also due shortly: "Murder to Music" and "The Dean Dies"

to be timid, conciliatory; he knew that; and now in the presence of the enemy he would less than ever be able to correct it in himself. He knew how sincerely his wife hated the invaders of Greece—had they not taken her first and best child's life as they came?—but, indeed, it was hard to distinguish between such hatred as this and mere fear. It was

in her nature to keep imagining that things might be worse; worse and worse in spite of every effort. Doubtless the German would take advantage of this; and his cousins would misunderstand it and despise them both more and more.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

AS I am quoting from the work of an authoress, I shan't

expect to dodge brickbats. But this is what she wrote: "No woman is worth looking at after thirty-five." Which may or may not be true, but I am inclined to add, "And not worth talking to before!"

Few girls realise until too late that the technique required to get a man is quite different from the technique which keeps him. The charming attributes of youth won't carry a woman beyond the bed-mate niche of womanhood unless she also possesses some attractive follow-on. Alas! so many, when they realise at last that what was girlish at twenty-five is merely kittenish ten years later, give up the fight and become Plain Female, with no other interests beyond the circumference of their own shadow, and an ability to analyse the "parochial" until the rest of the world, the vastness of other among Life's interests might not exist. The exceptions flourish among adult men like green bay-trees.

The cause of this, I suspect, lies in the inability of most women ever to get away from the personal. A favourite film-star is an imaginary lover before he is a good actor; a story is enthralling as it reflects her own wishful thinking; the war is merely a question of rations, clothing coupons and the son who is in the Middle East. Anything which provokes impersonal thought, that suggests possibilities which, though vital, are uncomfortable, is never popular. Only a comparative few understand that blonde hair does not necessarily create glamour, but a lively intelligence, combined with a sense of humour, will leave the pin-up girl just and only

By Richard King

where she belongs—which is on a pin.

A woman has a responsibility to her husband and children beyond cossetting them. If she isn't also a companion, she might as well be a sofa. Both men and women are only as old as their minds. Which, perhaps, is why a plainer girl eventually romps home ahead of her prettier sister. She has had to cultivate so many attractive qualities while her lovelier rival imagined that a tinkling giggle, legs, lingerie, pose and provocation would get her anywhere and keep her there. Far too many girls act as if they believed that the only obligation they owe to the man who marries them is the prescribed right to share the same bedroom. They soon find out their mistake. Just as men also find they are mistaken when they act as if any slipshod manner will do for their wives.

If love doesn't at length change into a blissfully happy companionship, one at least among those whom God hath joined together has a very dull deal. Alas! a happy companionship is not achieved by sitting back and letting whatever happens take its course. It has always to be on the alert. Everybody bores somebody else some of the time, but it shows a dreadful lack of intelligence if anybody bores somebody else all of the time. The technique of being married is far more difficult, and so more exciting, than the technique of getting married. And, although the dividend may not be counted in so much envy, it pays a much handsomer profit in happiness. The moment a woman lets herself go, mentally speaking especially, she is "lost"—and only co-equal "twitterers" will ever bother to find her.

## Iron Enters the Soul

AN ignoble—or at least unadmirable—stout little man? We are to watch his development, and his wife's, under the German's occupation of their home—of more than half of their home; for Captain Kalter not only annexes the best two of the four rooms, but denies the Helianos, for given, insulting reasons, the use of their own bath. A little thing, compared to everything else. But the power of *Household in Athens* consists in its being tragedy built up to its climax (a quiet climax) by a graduation of horrible little things. Thus, iron enters into the Helianos family's soul, and, by the end, has turned that soft soul to iron. We see the literal, concrete, domestic meaning of "occupation"—scared, warped children; a husband and wife who learn to converse by lip-reading in the thin-walled flat for fear of incurring Kalter's shouted abuse; scornful criticism, by the conqueror, of the Helianos' domestic incompetence, of which they are already aware themselves. Kalter pokes about freely in their part of the flat, derides their upbringing

(Concluded on page 154)



# A secret of the beaches

Vehicles bogged in deep shingle . . . . . sitting targets for the defenders. To obtain flotation, tyre pressures drop as low as 10-15 lbs. Wheels begin to pull through but the tyres revolve on their rims and valves tear out . . . . . the vehicles are still sitting targets.

This was the alarming situation disclosed during invasion tests.

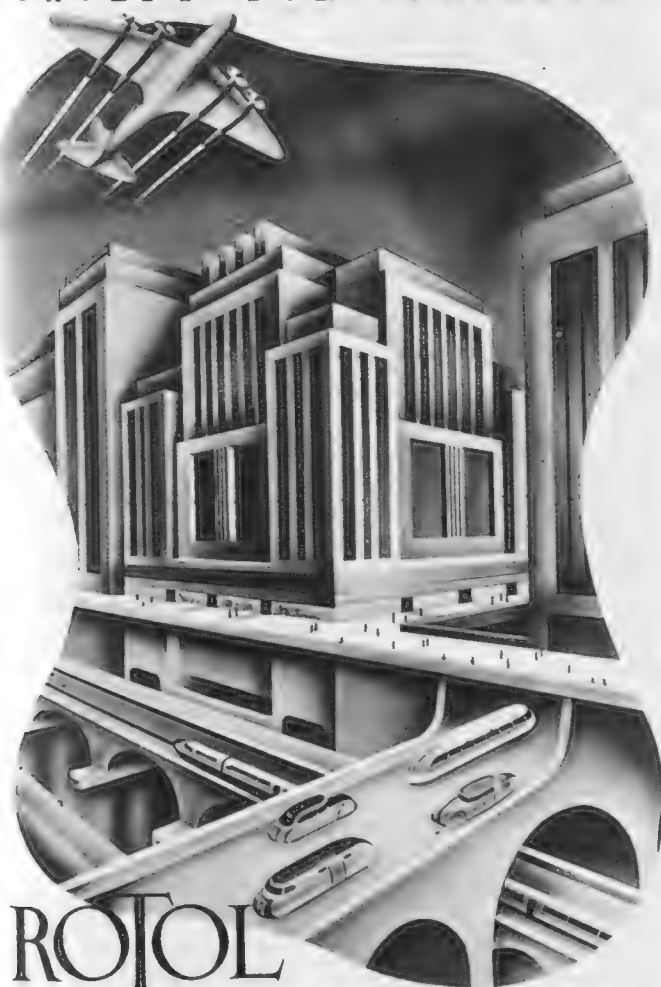
Yet, on D-day our fighting vehicles charged the beaches and treacherous shingle without bogging. The reason? The spring type bead-lock—a Firestone invention developed with Toledo Woodhead Springs Ltd., Sheffield—locked tyres to rims even at pressures as low as 10 lbs.

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# I'M GOING TO HAVE A

## MORRIS



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

## By Night

Cool printed dresses give a summery appearance to the London restaurants, even though we are just into May. Mrs. Robin Wilson had chosen a boldly-printed design when she dined with Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall; near by his brother, Capt. Rory More-O'Ferrall, was with actress Pauline Tennant, the very attractive blonde debutante daughter of Hermione Baddeley. Jane Carr, looking very glamorous in a grey and white print, was down from her Shropshire home with her husband, Mr. John Donaldson-Hudson. Their baby daughter, Charlotte, is now four months old, and Miss Carr hopes to return to the London stage in the autumn. With them was Mr. Michael Donaldson-Hudson and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lubbock.

## Gielgud First Night

The first performance of *The Duchess of Malfi*, which has now been added to the repertory season of the John Gielgud Company at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, had a great reception. A distinguished audience were in the theatre: Sir John and Lady Anderson had young David Montgomery, son of the Field-Marshal, with them. They sat in one of the lower boxes and had a long talk with Mr. Noel Coward in the interval. The Countess of Suffolk, looking charming in a black dress with heavy beading round the neck, was with friends in the foyer; Lady Cunard, a regular "first-nighter," talked with Mr. Cecil Beaton; Lord Poulett wore a huge white carnation in his buttonhole; Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky met many friends; Miss Gill Benson, the Earl of Dudley's very attractive niece, came with a young escort; Mrs. Gladys Calthorp sat with Miss Clemence Dane; and Miss Edith Sitwell, who is seen all too seldom these days, was a striking figure dressed all in grey, a grey scarf completely covering her hair. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gielgud, father and mother of John Gielgud, were in their customary places in the stalls; Lord and Lady Keyne were there; so were Lady Colefax, novelist Kate O'Brien, the Argentine Ambassador, Lady Rothschild and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, Mrs. Emlyn Williams, Dorothy Dickson, her fair hair piled high, and Angela Baddeley.

## Disney Premiere

WALT DISNEY'S *The Three Caballeros* is to have its premiere at the New Gallery on Monday, May 14th, in aid of the £1,000,000 Victory (Ex-Services) Club Fund, the president of which is Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode.



## Aberdeenshire Christening

The baby son of Major Sholto Douglas, of Tilquhillie, The Royal Scots, and Mrs. Sholto Douglas, was christened at St. Ternan's Church, Banchory. He was given the names of Hugh John Sholto



## Married in Kent

Capt. Ronald Gordon Barratt, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Barrat, of Bungay, Suffolk, married Miss Mary Lilla Perry, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Perry, of Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, at East Farleigh Parish Church

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 152)

of their children, compels the couple to wait on him hand and foot. Captain Kalter himself is as fine, because as devastating, a portrait as any in *Household in Athens*. He is not pre-eminently a Nazi; he is pre-eminently a German. (This novel may not please those who would wish to make a saving distinction between the two.) Mr. Helianos' letter, smuggled out of the prison to which he in the end goes, should, I feel, be pondered by us in England. Kalter is not a mere abstract monster: Mr. Wescott has given him light and shade. It is in Kalter's attempted humanity that he is most appalling. I should like to draw your attention to, not having room to quote, the passage between Kalter and Mr. Helianos on page 64.

The subject, then, of *Household in Athens* is the relationship between a Greek family and a German officer, inside some weeks of time and inside the walls of one little flat. The book is likely to be compared with Vercors' *Put Out the Light*, translated by Cyril Conolly from the French. Mr. Wescott's novel is longer, more detailed, and more distressing through being more realistic, than *Put Out the Light*. None of the characters are idealised: in *Put Out the Light*, as you may remember, even the German was, in his mistaken way, sublime. But I am not sure that non-idealisation does not make, in the long run, for greater force.

## Deep South

"THE WIDE NET" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is Eudora Welty's second collection of short stories, the first having been *A Curtain of Green*. Miss Welty, American, is one of the younger writers of whom I think most highly, entertain highest hopes. I continue to entertain these hopes in spite of, rather than because of, several of the tales in *The Wide Net*. In *A Curtain of Green* she showed, among other things, a power to write, to treat her subjects, in two or three strikingly different ways. In *The Wide Net* she has, almost throughout, decided to write in the way that I like least. I may be wrong, but I, naturally, cannot think so. And I say that she has "decided" because she, obviously, knows what she is doing. The drastic comicness that, in the former collection, gave us "The Petrified Man" and "Why I Live at the Post Office," and the austere, poetic plainness that gave us "Frost," have both been abandoned (if only, I do hope, for the time being) in favour of either the subjective-fantastic or the over-tender depiction of semi-moron types.

Perhaps I would wish her to write more plainly (for she has shown us that she can write more plainly) because the scenes, the situations and the characters on which she has undoubted genius for pitching are in themselves, in their own natures, so remarkable that one does not want to have them obscured by whimsy—even though the whimsy be of her own high kind. The stories in *The Wide Net* have all, as backgrounds, the Mississippi country or the Old Natchez Trace. As backgrounds—nay, as subjects—could one have better? And in the stories "First Love," "Asphodel," "The Winds" and "Livvie," Miss Welty's treatment seems to me, still, ideal.

But there are moments elsewhere when I feel tempted to say: "Madam, I have not the pleasure of understanding you." As, for instance, here:

Her eyes descended slowly, as if adorned with flowers, from his light blowing hair and his gathering brows down, down him, past his clever hands that caught and trapped so delicately away from her side, softly down to the ground that was a sandy shore. A hidden mussel was blowing bubbles like a spring through the sand where his boot was teasing the water. It was the little pulse of bubbles, and not himself or herself, that was the moment for her then; and he could have already departed and she could have already wept, and it would have been the same, as she stared at the little fountain rising so gently out of the shimmering sand.

As against this, the opening passages of "First Love" are superb—keen, strange, disturbing, admirable, a model. . . . In spite of all I have said, I should be sorry for readers to by-pass *The Wide Net*. To give point to anything I have said, I refer you back again to *A Curtain of Green*.

## Long Ago in Egypt

GATHA CHRISTIE, in *Death Comes as the End* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.), exercises a right we gladly accord her—the right to make an experiment. She does, indeed, owe no small part of her standing to her refusal ever to do the same thing twice. In this latest mystery story she transports us to the banks of the Nile, and into the heart of a landowner-priest's household, 4000 years ago. She gives us a pleasing, if troubled, picture of Ancient Egyptian family life, as seen through the eyes of Renisenb, the young widow, lately returned, with her child, to her childhood's home. The unfamiliarity to us of the scene only makes the excellence of Mrs. Christie's psychology stand out more strongly—Renisenb, for instance, emotionally shattered by the death of her young husband, turns to and dwells upon, almost with desperation, the unchanged, soothing peace of her father Imhotep's riverside estate. This, however, proves to be an illusion; there are undercurrents that Renisenb cannot for long ignore. The arrival of father's new concubine, hell-cat Nofret, sets the match to trains of powder already laid. Murders, of course, succeed; and though there are no police, the inconvenience of murder is strongly felt.

## Classic Cookery

WITH *Basic English Fare* (Gramol Publications; 5s.) André Simon, president of the Food and Wine Society, gives us a strong incentive to re-purify our palates. He writes as a food critic, in the same sense that one may be a music critic or an art critic: he considers this function important, and so do I. This short book, by a Frenchman, might rank as a Bible of English cooking.





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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE Editor had died and gone below. Scarcely had he arrived when he received the most colossal slap on the back. Turning, he saw a contributor who had pestered him on earth.

"Well, sir," said the free-lance, "I'm here for that appointment."

"Appointment? What appointment?"

"Well, every time I came into your office on earth to show you my stuff, you said you'd see me here first."

AT a dinner concluding a long and boring convention in Chicago, a parade of reluctant speakers had been pried from their chairs to "say a few words." As the sixteenth orator took his seat, a sigh of expectation filled the room. Deliverance was in sight. But no! The chairman was on his feet again. "I'm sure this meeting does not want to break up without hearing from our good friend, Ken Roe."

Mr. Roe stood up. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am reminded of the story of the two skeletons. For days they had been imprisoned in the mustiest closet imaginable. Finally, one skeleton said to the other: 'What are we doing here, anyhow?' Whereupon the other skeleton replied: 'I'll be darned if I know. But if we had any guts, we'd get the hell out of here!'"

THE little girl had brought her teacher a beautiful lily as a present, and the teacher was so pleased that she put it in a vase before the class and proceeded to give a most interesting talk on flowers. The class decided that it was much better than ordinary school work and the giver of the flower became quite a heroine.

After school, she went up to the teacher and said, shyly: "Would you like another lily, miss?"

"I should, indeed, dear," replied the teacher.

"All right," said the child, with a sweet smile, "I'll bring another in the morning, if they haven't buried the lodger."

THREE elders of a kirk were discussing their minister's sermons.

"He's wonderful," said one. "I mind him preachin' three sairmons frae one text."

"But that's naething tae ault Thomas," said another. "I mind his preaching six sairmons frae the shortest text in the Book."

"Oh," said the third man, puffing at his pipe. "That's naething tae ma wife. She's been preachin' at me for twenty years frae nae text at a'."

RECENTLY, Dunninger, who likes to be known as "the master mentalist," called on Blackstone, who doesn't mind being known as a plain magician. When Dunninger arrived, he found the great magician ransacking his bedroom for a white tie.

"You're the great mind reader," Blackstone finally exploded, "suppose you tell me where I put that tie."

Dunninger concentrated. "It's in that box," he said.

Blackstone hurriedly went through the box, found a tie which he held up scornfully. "You're a fine mind reader," he said. "It's black."

Dunninger shrugged. "If you're any kind of magician," he answered, "you can change it into a white one."

THE family and their guest had just seated themselves at table.

"Betty," said the mother, "why on earth didn't you put a knife and fork at Mr. Green's place?"

"He doesn't need any, mummy," replied Betty, "you said he eats like a horse."



Miss Margaret Titheridge, daughter of the late Dion Titheridge, dramatic author and actor, has announced her engagement to Mr. West Watson, elder son of the Archbishop of New Zealand. Mr. Watson, who is known in the theatre world as Keith Campbell, is himself an actor. At the moment he is stage director at the Piccadilly Theatre where Agatha Christie's thriller, "Appointment With Death," is now running.

TWO negro maids bought new hats. Liza was determined to wear hers to the Sunday service, but Mandy remonstrated, saying it was going to rain, and declared she would save hers for a fine day.

Liza, however, wore hers and, as Mandy predicted, it did rain. As they left the church, Liza gathered up her skirts and pulled them over the hat to protect it.

"Land's sake," protested Mandy. "It's perfectly outrageous foh yo' all to 'pose your anatomy lataway, Liza!"

"Mebbe so," retorted Liza, "but dat 'n' omy am forty years old while dis hat am brand new."

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and southern  
 Fighting continues in the devast-  
 ed Czecho. We have made further  
 gains in the Havel Forest and have  
 won of Middelbach, Ottersmün, and  
 to the south. Enemy troop cir-  
 culars east of the Reichswald  
 forest, a strong force for communica-  
 tions in the area of Gleders-  
 dorf, in medium, light, and fighter-  
 s have cleared the enemy from  
 the west, and the River Rode  
 Schwannauel, dam and  
 south-west of Prüm we have cap-  
 tured and Wirsfeld, and have  
 the River Prüm in several places  
 and the Rhine in the area of  
 Trier. From the south our mil-  
 itary from Biersdorf, a mile  
 of Waid, and, advanced  
 rough. The march to reach the  
 is in the area.  
 are repulsed, a group of  
 tanks.  
 of Haguenau is supported  
 by the 1st and 2nd. Other  
 is but faintly visible.  
 is seen, and is to ground  
 to move it, then by a  
 raid. Fighting also contin-  
 ues in the area of the  
 enemy raids from east of the Rhine.  
 sed. North-east, of Milhousen  
 any artillery fire was received in  
 pe-Bannheim area.  
 to the north-west. German  
 in the, bombs and rocket-fir-  
 ing locomotives and railway  
 ed or damaged, and barges, tug-  
 bles were shot up.  
 and the enemy struck at rail-  
 at Muth and Kiechert, and  
 at Biagen. Bridges, rolling  
 railway lines mainly west of the  
 the areas of Combe, and  
 to the north-west, the upper  
 in north-west and south-west  
 and at Heilbronn, were the  
 for the Heilbronn-bois.  
 the frontiers, and  
 the 1st and 2nd. German units moving  
 and are in a field  
 See, south of Zwilling-  
 Point, attacked a motor  
 and the 1st and 2nd.  
 of a destroyed during  
 of a tank is the

to continue the strike and to extend it throughout New South Wales.

Yesterday and to-day the protection of Sydney against fire depended on 370 brigade officers, who to-day announced that they hoped the Government would take some action to settle the dispute, because their physical stamina would be unequal to the strain for long. The officers at a meeting to-day refused to join the strike, but reaffirmed their decision not to work with strike-breaking labour, and gave a warning that they would be unable to carry on with a skeleton force of firemen, and expressed their confidence that the Government would continue to support the firemen's cause. The Government of New South Wales, however, has decided, will receive a deputation from the firemen to-day, to discuss the matter.

At 3 o'clock to-day a procession of supporters of the firemen, numbering about 1,000, gathered in the city, and, after a protest against the Government's attitude to the industrial courts, and their judgment on their award. The new strike developments yesterday and to-day indicate that the battle issue is now that of hours of work. At present the average is 78 hours a week, and the strikers demand 73½ hours a week. A recent award of the industrial commission fixes the hours at 63 for ordinary firemen, but at 78 hours on overtime rates, but it is complete that the award does not become operative until it is approved under the wage-fixing regulations. Brigade officials say that it would be necessary to appoint 100 new firemen in order to ensure a 63-hour week.

Only one fire-broke out in Sydney to-day, but there were several false calls. A fire brigade was sent to one of the false alarms. The firemen were received in a special appreciation of the firemen not to make false calls.

**WARM**

FROM

The weather is illustrated like weather in the AL

two Communists, and one non-party Minister. There will be a War Cabinet of two Socialist Ministers, two Catholics, one Liberal, and one Communist, chosen by their colleagues. The Ministers will take the oath tomorrow.

The new Prime Minister, M. Vukobratovic, will also deal with the coal problem. M. Spaski, who formerly was a Minister, will be Deputy Prime Minister. The Finance Minister, M. Tsvetkovski, a Catholic, Deputy Minister of Education, M. Jovanovic, a Communist, who is known to be in favour of the plan, and down to the Professor, M. Gubinski, a Ministry of Justice goes to the Catholic, Conservator, M. du Br. de Warrigny, a Communist, M. Jellinec, takes over the Land Minister, and another Communist, Dr. Marinkovic, a Minister of Public Health, Dr. Ljiljak, M. Kordubacki, remains in office as Minister for the purchase of raw materials abroad.

The other portfolios are distributed as follows:

M. St. G. Gubinski, Interior, M. Prosen, Education, M. Terzic, War and Social Insurance, M. Vuc. Pribic, Warlike, M. Ruzic, Communications, M. St. G. Gubinski, Economic Affairs, M. M. St. G. Gubinski, Defense, M. Pribic, War, M. St. G. Gubinski, Colonies, M. St. G. Gubinski, Information, and M. St. G. Gubinski, Agriculture.

Six members of the former Government remain in the new Cabinet. Four Ministers were in London during the last conflict. They are today the Socialists, but not to take part in Government, but only to represent them, while the Catholics and Communists were hostile to Communist participation.

**YUGOSLAV**

WAR

The various illustrated like weather for one, all the

SCIE

ambassadors for Foreign Affairs: Aviation Khudyakov; Mr. B. T. Ambassador in Great Britain; and Gromyko, Ambassador in the

...wing statement is made by the  
...nister of Great Britain, th  
...of the United States, and th  
...of the Council of People's Com  
...the Union of Soviet Socialis  
...on the result of the Crime

considered and determined those of the three allied Powers for the common enemy. The meetings throughout the Conference have been most satisfactory in every point of view and have been a combination of the military and political in a way that has never before.

conversation at Dumbarton Oaks. The Government of China and Provisional Government of France will be immediately consulted and invited to sponsor invitations to the Conference jointly with the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, and the U.S.S.R. As soon as the consultation with China and France has been completed the text of the proposals on voting procedure will be made public.

The Premier of the U.S.S.R., the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, and the President of the United States of America have consulted with each other in the common interests of the people of their countries and of all Liberated Europe. They jointly declare their mutual agreement to exist peacefully during

be realized—a secure and lasting peace which will, in the words of the Atlantic Charter, afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from

It is considered that victory in this war and the establishment of the proposed International Organization will provide the greatest opportunity in all to create in the years to come the essential conditions of such a peace.

# LIBRARY

INVALIDS.

Being to indisposition Mr. J. H. Humphreys was unable to be present in the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday, and his place was taken by Mr. Justice Crompton-Johnson.

Mr. Lloyd George was yesterday reported to be making satisfactory progress, and to be able to attend to his correspondence.

YUGOSLAV

[illegible]

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Fresh Flap

**A**n admirably cautious story appeared in a Sunday newspaper a week or two ago, giving details of an ornithopter which had been made and flown in America. The aircraft appears to be essentially a sailplane with a geared mechanism which enables the wings to be flapped by a hand lever. The flight described began with a winch launch in the glider manner and the pilot, inventor and constructor of the machine, Mr. Belford Maule, having thus been given a certain amount of height, succeeded in holding it for a short time and even—according to the report—in climbing. Although the flight was in no sense homologated (to use the delightfully complicated term adopted by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale when it was the supreme authority in such affairs) and therefore although we have no means of knowing just how much of the flight was soaring and how much ornithoptering, it has very great interest.

The problem can really be put thus: a sailplane can in appropriate conditions remain in the air for long periods and even climb, without the application of any kind of human or mechanical power. It derives its power and therefore its lift from the movement of air masses, from the other kind of air eddies. Clearly the performance of sailplanes could be enhanced; their range and climb improved and their independence of meteorological conditions increased, if it were possible to apply even a very small amount of power at intervals.

Now a man can develop one-tenth of a horse-power. If a means were found for applying that .1 horse-power efficiently and directly, the sailplane might become a very useful as well as a very interesting aircraft. The winch or other assisted take-off would remain a necessity, but from then on aeroplane abilities would be within reach. But the real problem is and has always been to find a way of applying the .1 horse-power efficiently. Driving an airscrew by pedalling is the first thing that suggests itself, yet a moment's examination shows it to be hopeless. I don't know how the flap



*W-Cdr. Harold Bird-Wilson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, Spitfire ace and veteran of Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain and the Normandy invasion, was transferred to staff duties at a Fighter Command group on completing his fourth tour of operations. At twenty-five he was the R.A.F.'s youngest wing leader, and the wing he was leading was largely responsible for knocking out the German Radar network along the French coast before D-Day*

is done in the Maule machine, but it is just possible that a real step forward has been made.

## Rocket Launch

**I** SAID that the winch launch would still be necessary and this is a drawback. The apparatus would be available only at the few soaring grounds. But eventually the winch might well give way to the rocket. The rocket apparatus is simpler and does not need a highly experienced ground crew. It could be provided anywhere at small cost and kept ready for use. It looks as if the rocket is going to be valuable to soaring and gliding and also—if they really work—to the ornithopters of the future. Rockets showed what they can do with small aircraft when they were used to launch the Miles Messenger from a trolley. This aeroplane also achieved the remarkable feat of landing into a net.

## Light Aeroplanes

**I** WAS particularly glad to see the details of the Messenger made public. A great many attractive little American machines have been publicized; but over here we have tended to forget the private owner and sporting flyer—the man who did so much to win the Battle of Britain. Our pre-occupation with gigantic, government corporations and vast monopolies, with air lines round the world, has caused us to overlook the private owner. Britain is trying very hard indeed—one would think—to submerge the individual and exalt the State. We are fast approaching the condition when the only man to have possessions will be the Minister or the Civil Servant. Even now, as the streets of London fill up with motor-cars, it only takes half an eye to notice that they are preponderantly the cars of ministers and bureaucrats. The private owner has not yet appeared in any numbers. And in the air it will be the same if we are not careful.

The minister will have his private aeroplane and so will members of his staff; but he will also have hordes of people to look after it and as the taxpayer will be responsible there will be no consideration of expense. I think this kind of thing should be resisted. Ministers and their myrmidons have obtained too much power and privilege during the war.

I have counted thirty American light aeroplanes, many selling at £600 or less. That is a healthy sign for aviation in the United States. In this country I have so far counted one with the price not stated.

## Faster Japs

**I** MENTIONED some little time ago that the impression that Japanese fighters were far below Allied fighters in performance was not correct. The truth is the Japanese have some very fast aircraft. Two of them called the "Jack" and the "Frank" are credited with a top speed of more than 400 miles an hour. The "Frank" has an eighteen-cylinder, air-cooled engine and this engine has the water injection method of boosting the power for brief periods. These speeds can be beaten, of course, by Allied machines but the Jap machines retain their exceptionally high manoeuvrability characteristics. They are still more manoeuvrable than Allied machines even with their high speeds. It seems to me, however, that the Japanese are wrong in placing so much emphasis on powers of manoeuvre.



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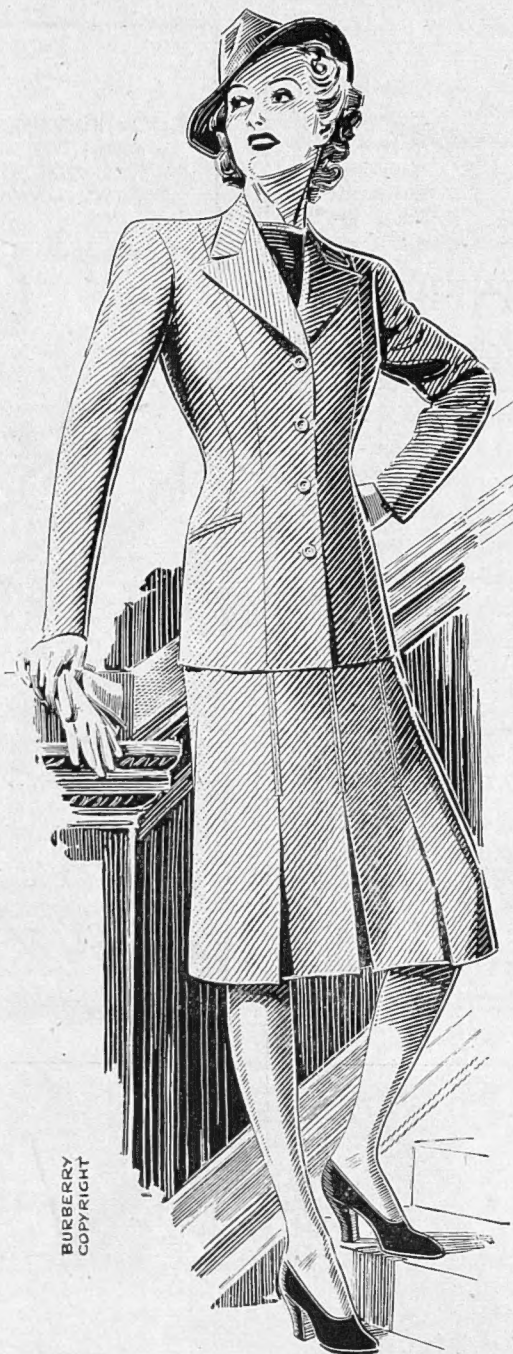
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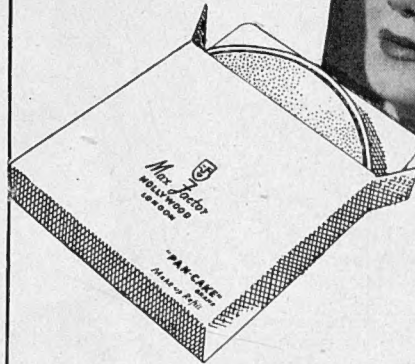
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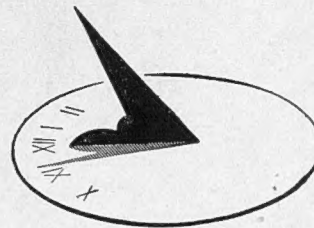
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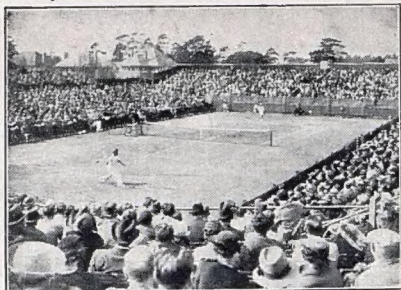
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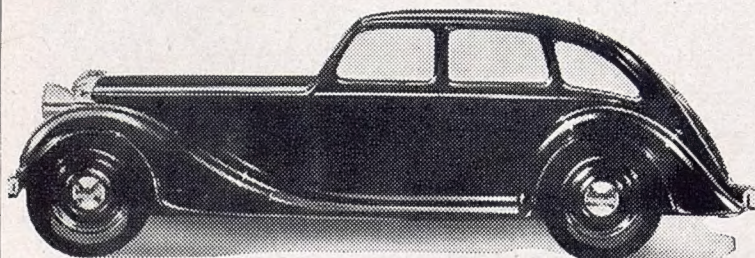
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